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PRICE

3d

Instructions
for knitting
this hood-scarf
and gloves—
page 21

The PATRIOT

By...
EUSTACE COCKRELL

EDITOR, The Amusement World, New York City, Dear Sir: I guess there has been plenty of talk around since the names of Barton & Barton has started failing to appear on the markeys, and I am writing this letter in hopes you will publish it to tell my hosts of friends where I am—though I can't tell that—and also Susie Barton, my ex-assistant in the act and wife.

It goes back away. We was booked for a split week at the Two Star in some town up-state that I have forgot the name of, and though our act is a staple commodity in the entertainment field I will tell you in case you have forgot through our long absence that it was known as Barton & Barton, Mentalists and Magicians.

At the Two Star, through some mistake, we are dropped into next-to-closing, between a blonde tap dancer name of Marjorie something, and a dumb act consisting of two dogs who jumped through hoops, set up, and so forth.

The blonde is a medium-looking dish, and I am backstage helping her warm up, holding her back while she ties herself in knots, etc., and Susie is dressing. Only it seems Susie is not dressing, but out on the snooteroo, and from where she's standing behind the scenery, I guess me helping this blonde limber up looks to her like I am shaping up to kiss her.

Well, Susie is edgy over a little brunette in Buffalo the week before, that she held against me. However, I did not think that her revenge for this platonic assist would take such a disastrous result.

We get out on the stage after the blonde has closed to the tumultuous silence, and Susie goes down into the audience after blindfolding me. The first part of the act is the mental part. I read the numbers off bills and cereal numbers from keys and stuff, and I guess it is not letting fall any professional secrets to say in this publication that I do not exactly read Susie's mind like an open book,

but that we have a certain method.

Anyway, this method involves a little co-operation from Susie, but Susie is giving from strictly a Woman Scorned, with the result I get the cereal numbers all wrong, and can't tell a fountain pen from a watch, and in general go very sour on the mental part.

Well, the audience don't go for this so good, and there is some rather rude remarks made sotto voce, and not all of them so sotto neither. So I cut the mental part short, and Susie comes up on stage to stand there while I do the prestidigitating.

Now all Susie has to do is stand there and hand me a gimmick every once in a while, and I figure she cannot queer me here, and that I will give an unparalleled performance in the art of necromancy, and have these peasants eating out of my hand in no time. Do you remember the old song Cantor used to use—"If You Knew Susie Like I Know Susie"?

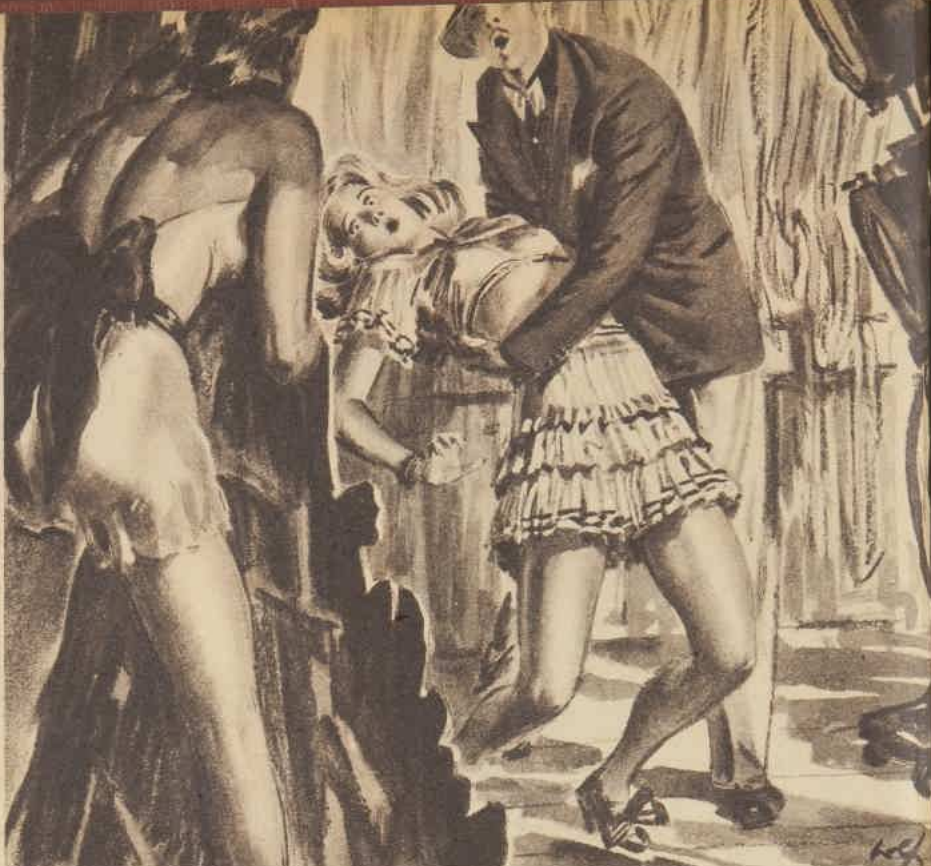
Now my magic act is not absolutely new, but it is the finesse with which I do it that has brought me my place in the show-business world. I use rabbits and a tall silk hat, and I finish off with flags. I take all the little United Nations flags, and I put them in the hat one at a time, and then I hand the hat to Susie and reach on and pull them out and they are all tied together.

And as the grand final I stuff them back in the hat and pull out a very large edition of Old Glory.

Now I am giving this performance, you remember, shortly before Xmas of the year 1941, so you can see this last touch is scheduled to have them laying in the aisles and whistling.

So I am up there working my heart out, with my rabbits. I use a little dialogue which I can't give you verbatim because of space but which is pretty funny—"They say rabbits can't do anything but multiply, but I got one here that can subtract and add." Just a sample.

Anyway I am up there working my heart out with my rabbits, and I am going pretty good. I at least



I am backstage, helping the little blonde tap dancer limber up, when Susie comes snooping.

got them quiet and not making no sotto remarks, and I go to work with my flags.

I stuff the little legs in and I stir them around. Well, I pull the flags out and they are tied together because of certain things I do, and when the flag of China comes out there is a couple of people clap, and I guess I have got two Chinese in the audience, and that when I haul out the big U.S. flag they'll come around.

They would have to clap at their own flag!

I stuff the little tied-up flags back in, and Susie is standing there holding the hat, and I reach in and I pull out the big flag and start waving it. The audience is rapt, and then they start coming unrapt. In a word, frankly, I did not expect no reaction like I got.

The band is giving it "Hail Columbia" down in the pit, and there is a low mutter running through the audience like the wind in Shubert's alley before a storm. The mutter raises to a crescendo, and I see a couple of guys trying to get through the orchestra pit and get on the stage, and I am saying to myself that this is the crowning performance of a long and lustrous career.

Which is also strictly from truth. But the pandemonium has a strangely sinister sound to it, and I look around and Susie has edged away. I look down at the flag. It is the biggest Rising Sun you ever saw.

Well, frankly, the only thing that saves me is that the first man of the mob has stepped in the base drum and lost a few seconds. I am for the stage door, and swift, and I hear Susie yell at me: "Tell that blonde sidewinder about this next time you see her." But I did not have time.

I make it into the alley and the mob is breathing on my neck like and I am figuring that I have got to get to a safe place, and I can't think of any safe place, and I see a police station and I dart in there. The angry mob arrives with their hot breath on my heels, and that is the mildest thing they are calling me.

The cops don't let them at me, and the sergeant gets on the phone and gets a J.P. down there and the first thing I know I am charged with exciting a riot, treason, arson, and so forth.

"Judge," I says when I gets a chance, "I am a artiste, a performer. I never meant to whip any Jap flag out of that hat. I hate them slant-eyes as good as any man, but my wife and assistant is sore, see, and she plants this other flag which I have not used since we made a triumphant tour of the Orient some time hence."

"So," the judge says, "you do not subserve after all but are a good 100 per cent. American."

"No man is more anxious to defend his country, your honor," I says. "The only reason I am not in uniform is that I am a 3A man, with a dependent wife, not mentioning her family."

At that point I hear a familiar voice from the back of the milling throng: "When I married him I was making twice what the act draws now hoofing single, and I can do it again." I'll let you guess whose voice it was.

"She don't sound very dependent to me," the J.P. says, "and I intend to hold you without bail and arrange you before the grand jury."

"Okay," I says, "but you are depriving your country of a soldier because when I heard that Calumy I made up my mind right there to enlist."

"You did?" the judge says.

"Yes, sir," I says. "I don't take off my hat to any man in my desire to make this fair land."

"You don't have to make a stump speech," the judge says. "Sergeant, just go down the street and fetch up that recruiting officer."

Well, that is really the end and I guess I ain't giving away no military secrets when I ask you to translate to my hosts of friends that I am working up a act with a k—g—oo, who won't be jealous of no blondes, and will bring the act home soon though I am figuring on breaking it in in M—-a, or may-be just opening it cold in T—-o.

Yours truthfully,
Eddie Barton (The Great)
and his Kollege K—g—o.

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1/6

LADY IN HAZARD

Brilliant entry in our recent £1000 serial contest

By CAROLYN OGDEN



THE German, OTTO VON GRAUPNER, has escaped from an internment camp in New South Wales. While the search for him is being maintained SHEILA HEYDON arrives from Melbourne at Red Shutters, holiday guest-house, to meet her sister, MARGARET, who was to motor there from Sydney.

Margaret has not turned up, and although MR. FIELDING, the proprietor, and MRS. SHASTERS, the housekeeper, try to reassure her, Sheila feels anxious. She meets KEN CUNNINGHAM, a morose and rather cynical young man. Among other guests are MR. FALWAY, with his beautiful niece, LORICE, who has just quarrelled, for no apparent reason, with SQUADRON-LEADER GERALD DESMOND, telling him to go away from Red Shutters and not try to see her again.

At tea Sheila is placed at a table with Cunningham and the Falways, and Cunningham is surprised to note that Lorice puts herself out to be friendly to Sheila.

Now read on:

SHEILA was speaking again. "No, I didn't go away last holidays. It was my brother's last leave, and we stayed at home. He was rather glad of a quiet spell, and I didn't want anything else."

Her voice died away as though she was sorry she had mentioned her brother, but Lorice seized on this new subject. "You have a brother abroad?"

Sheila nodded.

"But where?"

"In the Navy."

"Is he your only brother?"

"No, I have two more. One is in Syria, the other is a prisoner in Germany."

"It must take you and your parents all your time sending off parcels."

"I have no parents."

"Surely you're not quite alone?"

"I have a sister almost on the spot," replied Sheila, folding the end of her table napkin into a neat little fan. "She'll be here any minute now."

"But that'll be delightful," remarked Falway. "The place needs brightening."

"Does it?" replied Sheila, absently. She turned to Cunningham. "Do you understand the geography of this part of the world? I ought to know, but I'm stupid in that line. Are we anywhere near the sea?"

"Not more than forty miles," she evidently felt the need of a change of subject. Like many well-meaning people, the Falways were a little overpowering for one person to manage alone. But before he could give further information Lorice mentioned that Rocket Point, the nearest beach, was only a tiny coastal inlet.

"We have a little place there." "Just a shack and a boatshed," explained Falway. "We used to spend part of every summer there before the war. We had a session down there some weeks ago."

"You were saying—your sister—"

prompted Lorice.

Confound them both, thought Cunningham angrily, couldn't they let the girl alone. Although they could not know how anxious she was about her sister, they might have taken the hint when she showed the wanted to drop the subject.

"Do they serve coffee in the lounge?" he broke in, "or do we have to sit here in this draughty town hall waiting for it?"

"In the lounge, Mr. Cunningham," replied Falway, a little stiffly. "I'm afraid it's no use being impatient. They're very short-staffed, you know."

"So I've heard. I suppose we'll have to put up with it."

"Unless you can think of any other

alternative. Personally, I find it makes things easier not to complain at a time like this."

"Maybe you're right," said Cunningham. "Excuse me."

He pushed back his chair and rose, and with a curt nod to Lorice and Sheila, strode off.

"Is Mr. Cunningham a friend of yours?" asked Lorice.

"Good heavens, no," said Sheila.

"I never saw him till this evening."

"Personally," said Falway, "I shouldn't care greatly if I never saw him again. In fact, I find him rather objectionable. I wonder what he does. It's odd to find a man of military age—"

There was no reply from either girl. Each was too occupied with her own problem to spare any thought for Cunningham.

Cunningham was alone in the lounge when the others began to drift in. He rose somewhat reluctantly from a chair by the fireside as the four matronly ladies, whom he had privately christened the Big Four, drew near. They ousted him with a combined stare and proceeded without delay to set up a bridge table immediately in front of the blaze, so that they would be ready to begin playing as soon as they had despatched their coffee.

Following them came the vivacious little woman and the man with pince-nez, who had been sitting at a table nearby. He eyed Cunningham somewhat superciliously, apparently missing no detail of the young man's somewhat haphazard costume, and introduced himself as Daskey.

"Cunningham? Oh, Mlle Moreau, may I present Mr. Cunningham?"

He raised his voice a tone or so, as though Mlle Moreau were deaf as well as foreign. Mlle Moreau, her bright, frightened eyes flashing from one to another, insisted that she was delighted to meet M Cunningham.

"Mademoiselle is French, you know," explained Daskey.

"So I gather," said Cunningham, dryly.

"Comment?" asked Mlle Moreau.

"I was just explaining to Mr. Cunningham that you are French."

"Mais oui." Her excitement increased. She seized Cunningham by the rubbed lapel of his tweed jacket and poured out explanations. She was French, yes, but of a so-distinguished family whose lineage had been lost in the dawn of history, and she called heaven to witness, a de Gaulle of the de Gaulles.

Her diamonds sparkled as she strangled an imaginary Petain and dropped him writhing to the floor. She stamped on Reynaud. For Laval she had a contempt that she had no English to tell. Daskey stood by,



"Maybe you're right," Cunningham said, and rose with a curt nod to Lorice and Sheila.

good to have a bright, young face in front of her. I may speak about it."

"That's very thoughtful of you," said Cunningham.

Daskey glanced at the expressionless face before him, then continued: "Things are rather dull here, of course. The Falways are pleasant enough, but the niece has had no eyes for anyone but an Air Force chap who was staying here. Lived in each other's pockets. Uniforms go over big, of course. There are those who don't realise that some of the most important bits of war work are being done by people in civilian clothes."

"Quite," assented Cunningham. "Miss Falway seems to have found a new friend in Miss Heydon. I don't blame her. Very taking little person."

"Yes!" said Cunningham.

On Daskey's face appeared the expression of a district visitor who having gone out of his way to put the visited at ease, is asked to get out of the house and go home.

Please turn to page 4

enjoying vicarious peril, as she described the horrors of her flight from Paris, and the manoeuvres which resulted in her getting a passage to England.

"Dreadful, dreadful," said Daskey. "We really don't realise there's a war on, Mr. Cunningham. As soon as Mademoiselle has recovered she intends going on a lecture tour. Something must be done to bring the position home to the masses."

"Recovered?"

Mlle Moreau explained that she suffered torments from hay-fever. She sneeze and sneeze; she almost

burst her brain. Some days she spent in bed; the next a little better. Impossible to tour until she recovered herself.

The Falways and Sheila came in, Lorice talking animatedly.

"Charming girl," said Daskey, his admiring glance following Lorice as she walked across to the big radio set on the other side of the room.

"I shouldn't wonder," said Cunningham, absently.

"So is the new arrival," said Daskey, straightening his tie. "A pity, I think, they didn't sit her at our table. It would do Mademoiselle



Ford Pills have made me a new woman. It's marvellous to be free from the days of depression and pain I used to suffer.

Ford Pills prevent Constipation and the congestion that causes thousands of women to suffer needless pain and misery. Ford Pills contain the concentrated extracts that give you the valuable laxative properties of fruit to keep you fit in Nature's way.

Start a course of Ford Pills to-day.

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POOR TOMMY'S COLDS hang on and on—with nose stuffy, throat sore, coughing all the time. Tommy's mother doesn't neglect his colds—but she treats them with part-way remedies.

A RUB WITH VAPORUB ENDS COLDS QUICKER BY EASING ALL THESE MISERIES:



STUFFY NOSE
SORE THROAT
TIGHT CHEST
COUGH

VICKS VapoRUB

When your child has a cold, his nose, throat, and chest are ALL in trouble... or in danger. So use the thorough, faster treatment that clears stuffy nose, soothes sore throat, relieves coughing and "loosens" chest tightness all at one time. Just rub him with Vicks VapoRub.

Healing vapours, released from the VapoRub, are inhaled straight to the clogged, irritated air-passages—which only vapours can reach direct. And, at the same time...

Like a warming poultice, VapoRub "draws out" tightness in throat and chest, helping the vapours to break up the cold.

NOW 30 MILLION JARS USED YEARLY

BUT

Cunningham now volunteered a remark himself. "Do you know where I can get hold of Shasters?" he asked.

"You can't," replied Daskey, looking rather pleased that he could deny Cunningham something. "He's on the sick list."

"Oh? I have a torch of his here. Squadron-Leader Desmond asked me to return it to him when I saw him. He borrowed it the other night when his car conked out in the drive, and dropped it in his pocket and forgot it. Gave it to me just when he was leaving."

"Pass it on to Mrs. Shasters. You won't see Shasters for a few days, by all accounts. He's down with bronchitis. Which does not help the management to make this a home from home. Shasters is the handiest handyman I've ever known. Takes the car down to Appleby station, greases the horses, helps with the beds, walls, when necessary, organizes picnics, goodness knows what. Put him in bed, and you throw the whole place out of gear."

Cunningham dropped the torch back in his pocket.

Daskey made another attempt. "Sydney man?" he asked.

"Not exactly."

"I thought at first you had come with the new arrival."

"Did you? No, I don't know her from Eve."

"I'll get you to introduce me."

"Surely," Cunningham, however, made no move in Sheila's direction. To Daskey's growing annoyance, he just stood there, leaning against the music cabinet, staring across the room.

"What do you go in for?" asked Daskey. "Tennis—golf—horses—"

"Sleep, if I can get it," answered Cunningham. Then, as Lorice came across the room, he picked up a paper from a nearby table, and dropped into a corner of a sofa.

"Friendly chap," remarked Daskey.

"Quite," Lorice's eyes, following Cunningham, did not bear a very amiable expression. She might ignore him; it was a very different

thing to be ignored, an entirely new experience, really, for a girl of her qualities. She called Sheila, introduced her, and asked her what she thought of their table companion.

"I was trying to help him shake down," said Daskey, in an aggrieved tone. "Never mind putting myself out a little when a chap seems lonely. All in the day's work. But he told me pretty plainly that the only thing he wants is sleep."

"Well, perhaps he's tired," remarked Sheila, easily, in a clear voice which woke Cunningham to the fact that he was being discussed. He grinned to find his remark taken so literally. "I thought he looked fagged when I met him in the lounge. If he drank hot milk going to bed it might help him."

"Take more than hot milk to sweeten that manner, I'm afraid," muttered Daskey. "You're too charitable, Miss Heydon."

"Why charitable? I don't see why he should talk if he doesn't want to. He's not a paid entertainer. Oh, listen..."

For the past few minutes the room had shivered to the dreary yawns of some suicidally minded crooner, but this stopped midway, as though the sword of Damocles had at last selected its victim. A news announcer had taken over. The bridge players remained oblivious, but the rest, as if by instinct, converged on the radio.

"The search is being maintained, over a wide area, for Otto von Graupner, who escaped from an internment camp in the Riverina ten days ago. Mr. James Warfield, whose car he stole, and whom he injured badly while doing so, died this evening. A farmer of Cootamundra, he leaves a wife and four children. The car has now been found in a lonely spot in the bush not far from Murrumbidgee crossing. The petrol had run out."

"It is likely that, as he has friends in Sydney, von Graupner will attempt to make his way back to that city."

"He was well known in Sydney business and social circles before the war, speaks English perfectly, and would have little difficulty in passing himself off as an Australian. His description is as follows: About forty-five years of age, clean shaven, height five feet ten, powerfully built, close-cut fair hair, receding at the temples, unusually pale, blue eyes, one gold-crowned tooth at left side of mouth, the others perfect."

"When he escaped he was wearing a dark grey suit, a blue shirt and tie, black shoes, and an old fawn overcoat, but was without a hat. Any member of the community who sees a man answering to above description is requested to communicate with the nearest police authorities without delay."

"Von Graupner, it will be remembered, was a famous German air ace of the last war, almost ranking with von Richtofen in the estimation of the German public. His great physical strength and almost ungovernable temper, combined with an outward charm of manner, make him a very dangerous man to be at large..."

As the item concluded Daskey twisted the dial and picked up an orchestra playing ballet music. One of the Big Four—her name was believed to be Mrs. Carew-Poole—decided to fling caution to the winds and redouble in hearts. Mile Moreau began to sneeze, and produced a large handkerchief soaked in eucalyptus.

"Fancy, von Graupner—" Sheila muttered.

"Why, do you know him, Miss Heydon?" asked Daskey.

"No. But my sister knows him well. She used to work for him in Sydney before the war, when he was agent for Kurfurst cars and marine engines and that sort of thing. When war broke out he tried to get out of the country, but left it too late."

"Not a very nice sort of fellow to work for, I should imagine," pursued Daskey. "What did your sister think of him?"

Sheila hesitated, with a slight frown. "She had no complaints," she replied at last. "You can ask her yourself when she comes."

The prospect of another feminine attraction at Red Shutters aroused Daskey's immediate interest. "When is she coming?"

"Any moment now," Sheila shot a glance at the door as though calling up, through strength of longing,

Lady In Hazard

Continued from page 3

the figure she waited for. Cunningham, following her eyes, realised again what a brake she was putting on her anxiety.

"Where's she coming from?" inquired Daskey.

"From Sydney. She rang up last Monday for accommodation here, and was to arrive yesterday. But she hasn't shown up yet. I can't quite understand it."

"She may not have been able to get away in time," suggested Daskey. "It's very difficult just now, you know. Even I had a little trouble. And..."

"And..." he continued, with a modest little smile, "there are people who seem to think my services had earned me a few weeks' rest."

"But she would ring me!"

"Oh quite, quite. Of course, one must look facts in the face and admit that her car may have overturned in some lonely spot. I don't want to worry you..."

"**T**HEN why do it?" broke in Cunningham. "Why should Miss Heydon's car have overturned in any spot, lonely or otherwise? Is she a careless driver?" he asked, turning to Sheila.

"Oh, no," replied the girl gratefully. "Margaret is forgetful in little ways, but when she puts her mind on a thing she's unusually thorough. And she enjoys driving."

"You misunderstand me," protested Daskey, realising that he had taken the wrong road to Sheila's interest. "By overturned I wasn't suggesting an injury to herself. I merely meant that by an accident to her car she might be stranded miles from anywhere, and..."

"And starve slowly, or catch pneumonia," agreed Sheila, wearily. "But somehow I don't think that's happened, either, Mr. Daskey. I think she's been delayed somewhere for repairs. What I can't understand is why she doesn't send word."

"She might not be able to phone,"

said Falway. "At ordinary times there are plenty of cars going everywhere, and it's easy to get a message through, but it isn't the same thing at all now. Speaking as one who still manages to keep a car on the road, I can assure you that your sister might easily be held up somewhere without being able to let you know."

"I could ring her flat in Sydney, but she is almost certain to have left, and there would be no one there to answer it."

"Isn't there anyone else you could get in touch with?" asked Lorice.

"Not a soul. I haven't seen her for two years. I know none of her Sydney friends."

"Where is your sister employed?" asked Falway.

"She isn't employed anywhere at the moment. The firm she was with is closing down, and she decided to have a few weeks' holiday before going into war work. It is because we've seen so little of each other for years that we arranged to meet here. She wanted to get out of town for a week or so. I wanted some country air, and we'd always heard of the lovely scenery here. If I can find Mrs. Shasters I'll try to ring through now."

When she departed Lorice turned indignantly to Daskey. "You shouldn't have said that, you know. She's being so sensible about it, but you'll frighten her. We've been trying to convince her that nothing could possibly have happened to her sister, and you go and blurt out all kinds of scares."

"Mr. Daskey meant well," interposed her uncle. "It was just that he didn't think. The poor child is in rather an unfortunate position. One brother's in a German prison camp. Another in the Navy, another in Syria. She has no parents. She might easily become alarmed at the mere thought of anything happening to her sister."

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Aunt Polly says



Jim's wife raised so many of her mother's children, she's lettin' Jim raise their one and only.

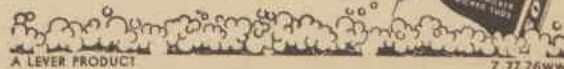
If our sewing circle never accomplished anything else, at least it's taught a lot o' my neighbours that you can't beat Rinso on washday for breezy-bright coloureds and spanking clean whites!

Ever notice women always think grey hair is lovely—except on their own heads?

My Great-Aunt Josie always used to say a thing isn't good enough unless it's the best.

Great-Aunt Josie would sure have liked Rinso. There's nothing like those rich, thick suds for keepin' woollies real soft and cozy.

Rinso's richer, thicker suds make the whole wash sparkle



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"Suppose you could give orders to a U-boat captain, what would they be?" the British skipper was asked

CAPT. GEORGE CROWE, C.B., D.S.O., R.N., walked down three short steps into the blinding sunshine that made the big plane's wings seem to waver in reflected light. The heat of the Potomac Valley hit him in the face, a sweltering contrast to the air-cooled comfort of the plane.

He was wearing a blue uniform more suitable for the bridge of a destroyer than for the damp heat of Washington, and that was not very surprising, because not a great many hours earlier he had been on the bridge of a destroyer.

Most of those subsequent hours he had spent in aeroplanes, sitting in miserable discomfort at first, breathing through his oxygen mask in the plane that had brought him across the Atlantic, and then reclining in cushioned ease in the passenger plane that had brought him from his point of landing here.

The United States naval officer who had been sent to meet him had no difficulty in picking him out—the four gold stripes on his sleeves and the ribbons on his chest marked him out, even if his bulk and his purposeful carriage had not done so.

"Captain Crowe?" asked the naval lieutenant.

"Yes."

"Glad to see you, sir. My name's Harley."

The two shook hands.

"I have a car waiting, sir," Harley went on. "They're expecting you at the Navy Department, if you wouldn't mind coming at once."

The car swung out of the airport and headed for the bridge while Crowe blinked round him. It was a good deal of a contrast—two days before he had been with his flotilla, refuelling in a home port; then had come the summons to the Admiralty, a fleeting glimpse of wartime London, and now here he was in the District of Columbia, United States of America.

Crowe stirred a little uneasily. He hoped he had not been brought here unnecessarily; he regretted already having left his flotilla and the eternal hunt after U-boats.

The car stopped and Harley sprang out and held the door open for him. There were guards in naval uniform round the door, re-

volvers sagging at their thighs; a desk at which they paused.

"No exceptions," smiled Harley, apologizing for the fact that not even the uniform of a British naval captain would let them into the holy of holies for which they were headed. There were two men in the room to which Harley led him.

"Good morning," said the admiral.

"Good morning, sir," said Crowe.

"Sorry to hurry you like this," the admiral said gruffly. "But it's urgent. Meet Lieutenant Brand."

Brand was in plain clothes—seedy plain clothes. Crowe puzzled over them. Those clothes were the sort of suit that a middle-class Frenchman, not too well off and the father of a family, would wear. And Brand's face was marked with weariness and anxiety.

"Brand left Lisbon about the same time you left London," said the admiral. His eyes twinkled. Then he shot a direct glance at Crowe and a question.

"Supposing," he asked, "you had the chance to give orders to a U-boat captain, what orders would you give?"

Crowe kept his face expressionless. "That would depend," he said cautiously, "on who the U-boat captain was."

"In this case it is Korvettenkapitan Lothar Wolfgang von und zu Loewenstein."

Captain Crowe repressed a start.

"I know him," he said.

"That's why you're here." The admiral grinned. "Didn't they tell you in London? You're here because few people on our side of the ocean know Loewenstein better than you."

Crowe considered. Yes, he decided, the admiral's statement was right. He knew Loewenstein. In the years before 1939 the German had made quite a reputation for himself by his bold handling of his yacht in English regattas—Loewenstein and his helmsman, Burke? Of course not. Bruch-Burch—something like that. Good man, that helmsman.

Crowe had met Loewenstein repeatedly on several formal occasions when the British Navy had met detachments of the German Navy while visiting. And since 1939 their paths had crossed more than

once—Crowe on the surface in his destroyer, and Loewenstein two hundred feet below in his submarine.

"Loewenstein," the admiral was saying, "left Bordeaux on the thirteenth—that's four days ago—with orders to operate on the Atlantic coast. We know he has four other U-boats with him. Five in all."

The shaggy-browed admiral leaned over the desk. "And Loewenstein," he added, "is out to get the Queen Anne."

Captain Crowe blinked.

"The Queen Anne," pursued the American admiral ruthlessly, "that is due to clear very shortly with men for the Middle East and India. Men we can't afford to lose. Not to mention the ship herself."

"What's the source of your information, sir?" Captain Crowe asked.

"Brand here," said the admiral, "also left Bordeaux on the thirteenth."

That piece of news stiffened Crowe in his chair, and he stared more closely at the lieutenant. The news explained a lot—the seedy French suit, the hollow cheeks, and the haggard expression. A man who had been acting as a spy in Bordeaux for the last six months would naturally look haggard.

Brand spoke for the first time.

"This is what I brought from Bor-

A long black shape came into view near the side of the gaily lighted white ship.

deaux—latitude and longitude—anything you want."

Crowe braved a question he half suspected he should not have asked. "Where did you get this?"

"It's not the original," interposed the admiral. "The Nazis don't know we've got this. There's no missing original to give them the tip to change their code."

"A French girl got it for me," Brand explained.

There was silence, and then the admiral said: "Well, captain, there's the set-up. What have you got to suggest?"

Captain Crowe looked down at the floor and then up at the admiral.

"Of course, the Queen Anne will be secured by convoy," he said. "I know you're not thinking of letting her make her regular transport run without escort. But if Loewenstein is waiting for her with five submarines her speed won't do her any good. And if the Germans know the course and time out of your ports now there's no guaranteeing they won't know any change in course or time you might give the Queen Anne."

"Exactly!" said the admiral.

"Loewenstein will just choose his moment, then hit unless he can be drawn off."

"Yes," said Crowe, absently. "Unless we can draw him off."

"Can we?" the admiral demanded. "Or

I'm sorry—that's an unfair question, thrown at you all at once, captain. Think it over, and to-morrow morning at"—he glanced at his wrist watch—"ten we'll talk it over."

"Right-o," said Captain Crowe, and went out, thinking furiously.

He had to draw Loewenstein off. But what could draw a sub commander off a prize like the Queen Anne? To sink the Queen would give any U-boat skipper the highest decoration Hitler was giving out now. A man would have to be mad to forsake a prize like that.

Mad or—but Loewenstein had been half mad that day he had seized the wheel from his helmsman at that Copenhagen regatta and had tried to ram the boat that had overhauled him and blanketed him, stealing the race at the last moment. That Danish club had disbanded Loewenstein for that. But the helmsman had been exonerated.

Good man, that helmsman, Crowe thought. Braucht—it was something that started with a B. Broe-

ning. Yes, that was it—Broening. Crowe set off in the direction of the British Embassy, remembering all he could about Korvettenkapitan von und zu Loewenstein. He called up the slightly pug nose, the cold blue eyes, the colorless hair slicked back from the forehead. Then there was the ruthless boldness with which he would jockey for position at the start of a yacht race.

The protest flags fluttered on many occasions when Loewenstein sailed. Now Loewenstein was the boldest of all U-boat captains.

Crowe knew his lips were not moving, but his mind was speaking.

Draw Loewenstein off, it said. But how? Loewenstein is a believer in the gun, as shown by his record. He conserves his torpedoes to the last. The ideal method of attack, according to Loewenstein, is to rise to the surface at night, preferably when there is just enough moon, or shorelight glare, to give a good silhouette of the target.

He times his rise so that the convoy is almost upon him. Then he uses his guns furiously, pumping shells into every hull he can see; his whole pack of U-boats firing together. Then, before the escort comes up, his sub flotilla submerges and scatters.

Clever—except he thinks the Americans don't know how he works. And I—plenty help me—have been brought over here to show Loewenstein he guessed wrong. But what is it about Broening that's so important? Why do I keep thinking about him?

Broening, he repeated—last I heard of him was that he'd become a Johnny-come-lately in the Nazi Party and Von Ribbentrop had sent him to some little Latin-American country as a consul. Loewenstein must have loved that. Always hated the man, Loewenstein did, even though he won races for him. Now, despite all Loewenstein's Junker background, it seems that Broening is outstripping him in the race for prestige.

I'll wager Loewenstein would like nothing better than to—I believe I have it.

The shower bath offered him by a friend in need at the Embassy was something for which he would have given a month's pay. A plan to deal with Loewenstein was forming in his mind, and as he cooled down his spirits rose until he nearly began to sing.

Please turn to page 20

By C. S. FORESTER

deaux," he said, taking an untidy bundle from the admiral's desk. "It's the code the German agents in this country use for communications with the U-boats."

Crowe took the bundle from his hand and gave it a cursory glance. This was not the time to give it prolonged study, complicated as it was, and half the columns were in German, which he did not understand. The other half were in English, and were composed of a curiously arbitrary sequence of words. Crowe caught sight of "galvanised iron buckets" and "canned lobster" and "ripe avocados."

Farther down the column there were figures instead of words—apparently every value in American money from a cent to five dollars had a German equivalent—and the words "pounds" and "dozens" and even the hours of the day could convey certain meanings when put in their proper context.

"With that code," explained Brand, "you can give time, courses,

Here's
IDA LUPINO
telling you how she cares for
a million-dollar complexion.
Like you, she gives much of
her time to war work . . .

A LOVELY COMPLEXION'S
IMPORTANT TO ANY GIRL.
I USE **LUX TOILET SOAP**
EVERY DAY. IT LEAVES
SKIN SOFTLY SMOOTH.*

IDA LUPINO IS
RIGHT. LUX TOILET
SOAP IS A WONDER-
FUL BEAUTY AID
AFTER A TIRING
DAY. AND NOT A
BIT EXTRAVAGANT

* ACTUAL STATEMENT BY
Ida Lupino
STARRING IN
20th CENTURY FOX FILM
"LIFE BEGINS AT 8.30"

LUX
TOILET SOAP

COSTS SO LITTLE . . . LASTS SO LONG

LT.105.1

YOU BET I'LL GIVE THIS LUX CARE!

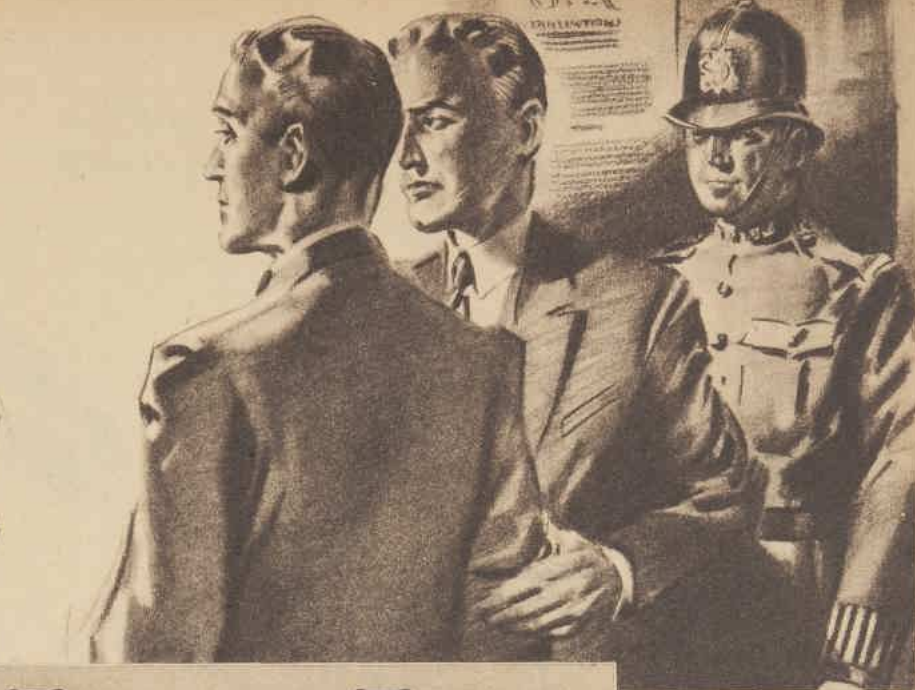
Betty Dear. This'll keep you warm on early shifts. I guess you know how to keep it soft and snug! Mother

I KEEP JUMPERS SOFT, WARM, NEW-LOOKING-BECAUSE I'M GENTLE. THERE'S NO NEED TO RUB WHEN YOU USE ME

LUX

A LEVER PRODUCT

U.100.1



AND THAT'S THAT

THE little car spluttered to a standstill. Don Whetherell pressed the self-starter hopefully. Nothing happened. He surveyed the petrol gauge with a grin—it registered nil.

"Well, that's that!" he announced. "And that is exactly what I expected you to say," thought Jet, savagely. A shiver of anger swept over her; anger, because she always knew now just what Don would say in any given circumstance.

It was all so wrong. Love shouldn't be like that. Love should be a series of sweet and thrilling surprises.

Who wants to marry a man whose conversation one knew from "hello" to "good-bye." Somehow it hadn't seemed so bad when they were first engaged, Jet had to admit reluctantly, but then, that was all months ago.

Don opened the door of the car and stepped out into the rain.

"Where are you going?" asked Jet, sharply.

"Petrol, my dear. That is, if I can find a garage open, and a coupon."

Jet's voice trembled with annoyance. "And I suppose I've to sit here and wait on you, on a lonely road, near midnight."

"It's raining too hard for you to come, too. I'll be as quick as I can."

With an absurdly gay salute he was away down the road they had just travelled. In less than a minute the darkness had swallowed him up, and Jet was alone.

And she was glad—glad to be alone and free to probe her own thoughts. To-day had been a series of small irritations, culminating with this. It seemed to bring the whole of their engagement to a dismal climax.

Don wasn't the right man for her. He was too utterly dull. Clever in his work at the aircraft factory, they said—but away from it so dull. All he wanted was an equally dull mouse of a girl to agree with every commonplace thing he said.

Footsteps came towards the car—light, careful ones that stopped and then started again. It couldn't be Don, they came from the wrong direction. Then suddenly someone opened the driver's door and sat down on the seat. Jet uttered a stifled squeak and found herself staring into the most impudent, laughing eyes she'd ever seen.

The stranger leaned back, produced and offered cigarettes and matches.

"I'm asking you to forgive me. You're a grand girl to sit there as cool while a complete stranger takes possession of your car. But I'm not going to run off with it, or you, and I'm not going to rob you, strangle you, or chop you up into little pieces. I'm just going to ask you if I can sit here in this very comfortable seat for a while and smoke a cigarette, out

of reach of the wind and the rain. Like the big fool I am, I've missed my last bus; I've walked three miles and I've another two to go. That's the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth!"

He tilted his head inquiringly on one side. Even in the dim light inside the car Jet noticed how tanned was his skin, how bright and lively his eyes. He looked honest enough, and she'd just been longing for adventure!

"Well, will you be letting me stay for a while?" he asked, with mock humility.

"My fr—friend has gone for some petrol. He should be back in a few minutes. We'll see what he has to say about it!" It was as well to let him know she wasn't completely alone in the world!

"Then in any case I must stay here and take care of you till he comes, for there may be other rogues on the road to-night—not as trustworthy as me!"

Jet laughed, and suddenly the little car was filled with friendliness.

"Since I'm staying," continued the stranger, "let me introduce myself. Michael O'Halloran, of Belfast, here on a visit to my brother, who seems to be encamped in the most inaccessible part of the country!"

"I'm Jessica Phillips. Called Jet for short. Trying to drive home in a car that's run out of petrol!"

"And aren't I glad about that!"

and at ease. I feel I can talk to you as I would to another man. Queer, isn't it?"

Jet nodded. "Funnily enough, I've been feeling the same, too. It doesn't seem a bit out of place that we should be sitting here—complete strangers."

As she spoke she heard faintly in the distance the hum of a powerful car. Michael's hand, resting idly on the steering wheel, clenched suddenly. He called her name very softly. "Jet—Jet."

She looked up in surprise, the tone of his voice was so completely altered, so caressing. Then with a quick, rough movement he swept her into his arms and kissed her. At that very moment a car raced round the corner.

Jet made a little movement to escape, but Michael held her close, her head pressed against his shoulder. The big car drew level, stopped. A grim-faced man jumped out, flashed a torch in their faces, and shouted: "Seen anyone pass this way?"

Michael's voice rang out laughingly: "We haven't seen anything at all for the last half-hour—have we, darling?" he added, looking down tenderly at Jet.

The grim man said nothing, but with a short command bade the chauffeur drive on. Quickly the powerful car was lost in the darkness. Very gently Michael released her and got busy with cigarettes and matches. His hands shook, she noticed. Then he turned to her with a sheepish grin.

"And now, I suppose, you are dreadfully angry with me. I can't say I'm sorry I did it; I'm not, but please don't be too angry."

Jet, struggling with far too many emotions, managed an incoherent gasp. There was nothing she could say, because she realised with devastating clarity that she wasn't angry at all. Encouraged by her silence, Michael was saying: "Please forgive me. I'm afraid I lost my head, but if you only knew how adorable you look sitting there . . . I've never met a girl like you before. You'll let me see you again, won't you?"

Jet discovered her head was nodding assent.

"And now, my dear, give me your address and your phone number before that young man of yours comes back. I shall want to see you again very soon."

Of course, Don would be back soon! She'd completely forgotten him. Jet got busy with notebook and pencil and had just given Michael the information he wanted when Don's quick, firm footsteps came into hearing.

At once Michael was out in the road beside him. "You must forgive me for using your car as a

waiting-room. As I was just explaining to this young lady, I missed my last bus and have had to make the journey on foot. I cannot tell you how tired I was, and grateful for a few minutes' rest."

"Can I give you a lift?" inquired Don curtly.

There was just the right amount of surprised pleasure in Michael's voice. "Why, that would be exceedingly kind of you . . . if you'd drop me about five miles along the road."

The journey was not a success. Michael kept up a flow of bright, incoherent talk. Don answered in monosyllables. Jet felt quite incapable of saying anything.

As a signpost came into view Michael said: "This is where I cease to trouble you . . . if you would just drop me at the cross-roads . . . thank you so much."

He climbed from the car, pressed Jet's hand, and walked briskly down a dark lane. Suddenly it dawned upon Jet that he had accepted a lift back in the direction from which he had originally walked! A little smile creased her lips—perhaps he'd done it to be with her for even a few seconds longer!

For Jet the following week was one of delightful anticipation, deepening, as the days dragged on, to hurt despair. Every phone call must surely bring a word or message from Michael. But there was nothing.

She found excuses for him the first, second, and even the third day, but by the fifth all her hopes had died.

Then she returned home to find her mother in a state of flutter.

"Such a strange man is here, Jessica. Says he has important private business to discuss and asked me such queer questions about you. Cleverly, too, so that I hardly realised I'd answered him."

Jet's heart stopped beating. It wasn't possible . . . it couldn't be . . .

She walked quickly to the lounge door and opened it. A tall, well-groomed man rose to meet her. There was something in his curt, well-bred voice that seemed familiar.

"Good evening, Miss Phillips. I'm sorry to bother you, but I'm Inspector Brent from Scotland Yard, investigating a matter on which I think you can help me." He pushed a photograph before Jet's eyes. "Know who this is?"

Jet gazed down into the laughing, debonaire face of Michael O'Halloran. A little gasp of surprise came from her lips. "Why, it's Mich—Mr. O'Halloran," she said.

Inspector Brent laughed shortly. "Michael O'Halloran, eh? That's a new one to me. Still, he has a pretty good stock of aliases to choose from; one more won't hurt."

"Is this the man who came to your car?" Brent asked Jet.

Another piece of paper was thrust into her hand. "This convey anything to you?"

It was the paper on which she had written her name and address. Half of it was torn away, only her name was there, and in another handwriting the number of Don's car and many other queer jumbled figures.

"Why, yes, I wrote my name and address on it, but I don't know what those other figures mean. I only know . . ."

Jet's voice trailed miserably away. "I'm afraid I shall have to trouble you to step along with me to the police station to identify this man," said Brent. "If you'll come along now—"

Please turn to page 20

ARE YOU ALWAYS TIRED?

HEALTH CAN BE RECAPTURED.

To be tired, drawn-faced, with tell-tale wrinkles, hollow cheeks and slow movements is a sure sign of health decline.

You can recapture the "sunshine" of youthful eagerness and cheer with R.U.R., because it is the "five-fold" health treatment.

R.U.R. clears the skin, brightens the eyes, internally "bathes" the eliminative and digestive organs.

"I am feeling the good of R.U.R. in every possible way, and do not have to study my diet. It is a good tonic," wrote Mrs. L. R. Hodgson, Hamilton.

Why, then, are we to wait for liver troubles, intestinal ailments, skin afflictions, constipation? Take R.U.R. and Right You Are! 4/- and 7/6 everywhere. * * *



Asthma Curbed in 3 Minutes

Asthma and Bronchitis poison your system, sap your energy, and ruin your health. In 3 minutes Mendaco—the prescription of a famous doctor—circulates through the blood, quickly curbing the attacks. The very first day brings free, easy breathing and restful sleep. No doses, no smokes, no injections. Just take pleasant, tasteless Mendaco tablets at meals and get relief from Asthma and Bronchitis in next to no time, even though you may have suffered for years. Mendaco is so successful that it is guaranteed to give you free, easy breathing in 24 hours, and to completely stop your asthma in 8 days or money back on return of empty package. Get Mendaco from your Chemist. The guarantee protects you. Relieves Asthma . . . Now 6/-, 12/-.

By Phyllis Mannin

laughed Michael audaciously. There was a comfortable little silence, and then he said, with a laugh in his voice:

"I sometimes think I must be the original rolling stone, for never in my thirty years have I stayed long enough in one place to gather any moss. Just when I tell myself I've settled down for a while there comes the call to be up and away. I've already been torpedoed twice this war, and now they've invalidated me out of the Navy. I think I'll have a shot at the Army—with a new name, I suppose. Or maybe the Air Force and a couple of crashes!"

He went on talking in the same airy strain. Listening to him, Jet felt an angry restlessness. She was meant for romance and adventure, too. She was the sort of girl who could throw aside security, convention even, and span the world. Live the twenty-four hours of each day to the full—with a man like—like . . . well, not like Don.

Michael was regarding her quizzically.

"It's wonderfully restful sitting here with you. Most girls would flirt or be struck completely dumb with the unconventional situation. But you—you are absolutely natural

*Keeping
the home fires
burning*

*or
celebrating
his leave*

She's

lovely with Pond's Powder and Pond's "Lips"

To him she still looks as lovely as she did on their wedding day. "Darling, there isn't another girl in the room who looks as beautiful as you." And well she knows that Pond's Powder and Pond's "Lips" are dependable aids to glamour. Pond's is the powder that stays on like a velvety bloom, flower-fragrant and misty-soft in texture. Pond's "Lips" lend a glowing loveliness of colour that lasts and lasts.

P.S.—You should be able to buy Pond's "Lips" refills at your chemist or store. But now and then it may happen that supplies are temporarily short in your locality. Pond's are doing their best to keep everybody supplied, but wartime occasions difficulties sometimes beyond our control.



made by the makers of Pond's famous creams

Soldier dodged Nazis for two years in Crete



GUNNER JAMES shows his forged identity card to his father, Mr. P. T. James (right), and one of his best friends, Sergeant-Wireless-Airgunner E. Enright.

Disguised as civilian, shared the Greeks' starvation rations

"When the Allies start in Greece and Crete the Greeks will come out of the mountains and fight the Germans with knives and shotguns and their bare hands," says Gunner Farleigh James, back in Australia after two years in Crete.

Twenty-four-year-old Gunner James escaped with other Australians, to be reunited with his young wife at Earlwood, N.S.W., and to see for the first time his 21-year-old daughter.

HOW they escaped cannot be told until after the war.

For two years they wandered in the hills and villages of German-occupied Crete, fed and sheltered by farmers and villagers, who look forward to the day when British soldiers will liberate their country.

"When the Halkans are finally freed many Australian wives and mothers will have happy surprises," he said.

"There are still many of the chaps disguised as civilians in Greece and Crete."

"There is no praise too high for the people of Crete," he said. "Add together the fact that the Germans shoot immediately any Greek harboring a Britisher and the fact that I am here alive. That sums up just what wonderful people they are."

As "Philipos Paschalakis," dressed in civilian clothes, carrying a forged identity card, Gunner James lived the life of a tramp for those two years.

Sometimes he walked boldly under the noses of German patrols; sometimes he lay hidden for days in the house of a farmer; often he was cold beyond endurance, and always he was hungry.

Food shortage

CRETE, even before the war, was a poor island. It produces only enough grain for bread for three months of the year.

Since the German occupation there is less food than ever. There is no fertilizer for the land, which has been tilled and re-tilled for centuries.

"Yet the people gave us food," said Gunner James, "though often all they had to give us was grass and a little oil. They cook the grass by plunging it for a few minutes into boiling water."

"The lower people are worse off. They haven't any grass."

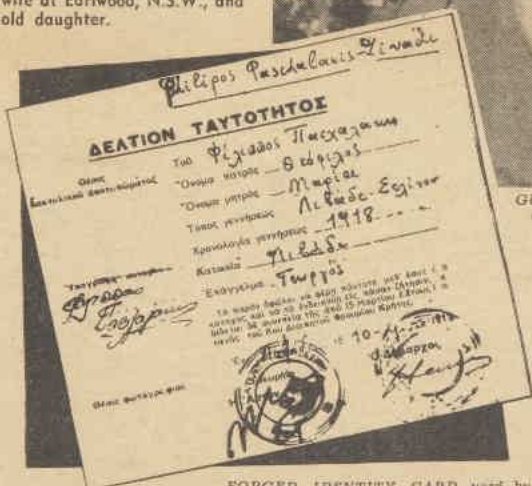
"I think it was the obsession with food that helped the time pass. We never thought about much else."

"Often at night I'd go to bed thinking of a good old Australian feed, mostly a grilled rump steak."

"I made up my mind that when



GUNNER FARLEIGH JAMES, escapee from Crete, with his wife and 21-year-old daughter, Anita. Anita was born after Gunner James went overseas.



FORGED IDENTITY CARD used by Gunner James in Crete. Germans require all Greeks and Cretans to produce these cards on demand. It gives the name, Philipos Paschalakis, parents' names, place of birth, place of living, age, and occupation. Gunner James used his own father's second name, "Theophilus," on the card, since it happened to be a Greek name.

I got away I'd have the best meal money could buy.

"I tried to keep that vow in Cairo. Went to a posh place, and ordered the best of everything. But I was so used to starvation diet that all I could eat was the soup and the entrée!"

Gunner James went overseas with the Sixth Division in 1940.

Evacuated to Crete, he and others of his unit were taken prisoner just before the surrender. The prison camp at Malame was so insanitary, the food so bad, that after ten days he and three others made a break.

"They crawled under the barbed wire when the guards were temporarily out of sight."

"We didn't know then that the people would be friendly, though we knew they were brave," said Gunner James.

"We had seen them fight the invading paratroops with old rusty Turkish rifles and with knives."

"When the news of the invasion came old men rushed down from the hills, though they knew so little of the war that they had to ask: 'Who do we shoot at—the khaki or the blue?'"

"We made for the coast to try to get a boat. There wasn't one big enough to sail to Africa."

"Then we met a Greek who spoke English. He took us to a village and the people gave us clothes."

"We call them all Greeks, though properly they are Cretans."

"At first the Germans didn't bother us much. They had too much on their hands, but we decided we had better separate."

"On our own each had a fair chance. If we stuck together and one were caught we all would be."

"One, Lew Lind, made for the east of the island and escaped six weeks later. He was able to write to my wife and tell her he had seen me."

"The others were recaptured later and taken to Germany."

At first, Farleigh James, thrilled to be free, was reckless. Once, dressed in borrowed clothes, he went into Canes, the capital, and walked among the Germans, even drank next to them in cafes.

"Later, as things got tougher, I got more careful," he said.

"Sometimes I was alone, sometimes I met other Australian or New

Zealand chaps, and we camped together a few days.

"Ninety-eight per cent. of the Greeks are pro-British."

"There are a few who are openly pro-German. The pro-Britishers don't mind that so much. What they hate and despise is a traitor, and, of course, there are informers in every race."

"When an informer was known to be in a district the Australians took to the hills until the panic passed."

"You can only understand how brave they were to shelter us at all if you realise how barbarous the Germans are. They shoot Greeks for the most trifling offences."

"I read in a German newspaper of a man who was shot because he stole a tiny square of rubber to patch his boots. That was typical."

Secret radio

YET nothing of this broke the spirit of the Greeks. For three months Gunner James was hidden in an outhouse at a farm, where the farmer had not only a radio concealed, but an oiled and loaded rifle.

"I was sick with sandfly fever when this chap took me in," he said.

"To have a radio is an offence punishable by death. This Greek had his hidden under one of those huge jars—the sort you see in pictures of All Baba and the Forty Thieves."

"They are used in most of the houses to hold oil. This one stood on a stone, and at night when it was time for the news I would creep in, and he would lift the jar and stone and reveal the radio, sunk in the floor."

"Near the front door there was a big plant growing. I never learnt its English name, but it was something like a huge pineapple plant with great fleshy suckers. Inside one of these suckers he had a rifle hidden, ready for the great day of freedom."

"This chap stuck to me right through, even when others were too afraid, temporarily, to help us. When I got to Alexandria I was able to keep a promise—to give his brother news that he was still all right."

"In all this three months I never spoke a word of English, so I learned to speak Greek fluently."

Footwear was the biggest problem, even greater than food. A pair of ordinary leather boots wears out in a fortnight on the stony roads of Crete, and there is no leather to be had any more.

A few months before he escaped Gunner James was desperate for boots.

"So I begged a little oil here and there until I had a sheepskin full, about eight gallons, and I bartered it for a pair of boots made of rubber from a tyre and canvas."

"If I'd paid for them in money at the present inflated currency there they would have cost me the pre-war equivalent of £350."

The Germans continually distributed pamphlets endeavoring to get the Australians to give themselves up.

"They got nervy when guerrilla bands fought in the eastern part of the island," said Gunner James. "I was in the west all the time. I heard Australians were fighting with Greek guerrillas, but I did not see any of them."

"The Greeks were often afraid that we were too reckless, and at times would beg us to stay in hiding and not move on. Gradually, as we kept our promises to return, and arrived back in a village still free after months of absence, we became a kind of symbol of freedom to the people."

"They said they admired so much the patience of the British people, and they felt that if they, too, were patient they would be rewarded one day by their own freedom from the German yoke."

Editorial

JULY 24, 1943

ACTION IN EUROPE

EVERY blow struck by the Allied troops in the battle for Sicily is a blow for peace and a better world.

Every man in those invading armies must be inspired by the thought that the harder he fights the sooner will mankind's sorest trial be over.

Every step he takes across that island and toward the Axis strongholds of Europe is a step toward home and the family he is fighting to protect.

But there are many steps to take and many blows to strike before the days of peace and family reunions come.

The assault on Europe has been awaited with longing and dread.

Impatience to get the job finished prompted the longing, a realisation of inevitable sorrow and losses aroused the dread.

Now the time for action has come.

To the British it promises an end to bitter years of suffering and stubborn effort.

To the Russians it presages relief in their heroic conflict.

And to the oppressed peoples all over conquered Europe it brings renewed certainty of liberation from the shame and misery of life under the Axis.

Terrible though the struggle ahead must be, it can be faced with fortitude because of the hopes it raises.

People of the free world know that victory is ahead. Their prayers ask that it be not long delayed, and that the ordeal of men who fight to achieve it be not too great or too long.

—THE EDITOR.



PRISONERS AT STALAG XVIII B. Photograph of some Australians, sent by Sgt. C. O'Meara (extreme right, back row) to Mrs. M. Adams, Sunshine, Vic.



W/O 2 C. MUFFET is building model boats for his sons while he is a prisoner of war at Stalag VIIA. The boats are fitted with mechanical gadgets.

Prisoner makes model boats for sons

While he is in a prison camp an Australian soldier is building working model boats for his sons.

His letter is among a number from prisoners of war in Germany in this week's "Letters from our Boys."

"I've been working away steadily on the third boat for my little fellows," writes W/O 2 C. W. Muffet, Stalag VIIA, to his wife in Piper St., Rylstone, N.S.W.

"It is nearing the finishing stages now.

"The boys will marvel at them when they see them.

"This last one has everything on it that should work.

"The lifeboat is lowered and raised mechanically, the anchor is raised by clockwork. Portholes open and close, doors slide.

"In the cabin there is even a cocktail bar that closes under the stain. I haven't put the lighting in yet."

Sapper Rod McFarlane, well-known footballer and boxer, at Stalag XIII C, to his mother, Mrs. I. McFarlane, 20 Walsh St., Coburg, Vic.:

"THE day will come when you will open the door and find a man on your doorstep who will try and tell you in broken English he is your long-lost son returned from a journey overseas.

"Please do not embrace him, as you will probably crush the cravch he will have concealed under his Army jacket.

"Remember, Mum, if I find out you are worrying, I'll not buy you that hundred-guinea fur coat, and I'll put you under the shower.

"I have now been shifted from the farm, and with six other chaps I am working about 3000 feet above sea level in one of the big German pine forests felling trees—a healthy life, and I think it will do me good. I have ample warm clothes, and could stand a trip to the North Pole.

"We still get every week a Red Cross packet.

"I am about the happiest man in Germany at present. I have received three next-of-kin parcels of clothing from you, and four packets of tobacco in the last week."



CONCERT PARTY at Stalag XXA (5). Photo sent to Mrs. H. Benjamin, Bondi Junction, N.S.W., by her son, Sgt. "Barney" Benjamin.

LETTERS FROM OUR BOYS

Conducted by Adele Shelton Smith

THE letters you receive from your menfolk in the fighting Services will interest and comfort the relatives of other soldiers, sailors, and airmen. For each letter published on this page The Australian Women's Weekly forwards payment of £1. For letter extracts 5/- is paid.

Corp. Jack Kerr, Stalag XVIII B, Germany, to his wife at Turramberry, via Echuca, Vic.:

"I HAVE received your third parcel and three letters, in fact, mail is coming through regularly every two weeks.

"I'm still working on the farm and very contented, just living for the great day when we can come home again.

"Among the surrounding farms twenty prisoners are employed, and for our use they have converted a barn into a house.

"We have one room for sleeping quarters, and in it we have bunks made after military fashion, and each man has a set of shelves for his own use.

"We are allowed to hang our photos, and I have yours and baby's photo framed.

"The house is centrally heated, and we have plenty of blankets, so are nice and warm.

"In the other room we have a stove, and after work each night we cook meals from our Red Cross parcels, which arrive weekly."

Cpl. J. L. Plover, at Oflog IIIC, to a friend at Costlemaine, Vic.:

"WE are now having perfect weather, and sports are the talk of the camp. Rugby, soccer, basketball are the general games we play.

"Now an Aussie Rules game has been organised, and play will begin next week.

"Anzac Day is to be a big day for athletics. There will be foot-running, etc.

"Next month the Empire Games will be the event of the year. It will be a three-day turnout, and as there are 5000 in this camp now we should see some fine sports.

"One South African in particular, a giant of a man, was a representative in Empire Games prior to the war, and he looks like carting off quite a few events."

A prisoner of war in Stalag XIII C to a friend in Queensland:

"LAST Sunday was a big day, as the padre attached to our stalag paid us a visit.

"Every second week-end he visits a new district, and as many comrades as possible. It was good to have an English-speaking visitor, especially as he is a bonzer chap.

"We had service in the evening, and he stayed the night at our lager, and joined in our concert.

"You should see our stall now. It looks like a nursery. We have a new-born calf, two little goats, and the three pigs are little more than suckers.

"I am no farmer, but even I laughed at the panic a new calf causes to these so-called farmers."

Interesting People



MATRON G. PEGG

Servicewomen's hospital MATRON of first servicewomen's hospital in New South Wales is charming Sister Pegg—Sister Gwen Cocks before her recent marriage. Served in Middle East with 2/1st A.G.H. Was an instructor at an A.M.C. training wing for hospital orderlies. After returning to Australia until present appointment. Trained at Royal Prince Alfred Hospital, Sydney.



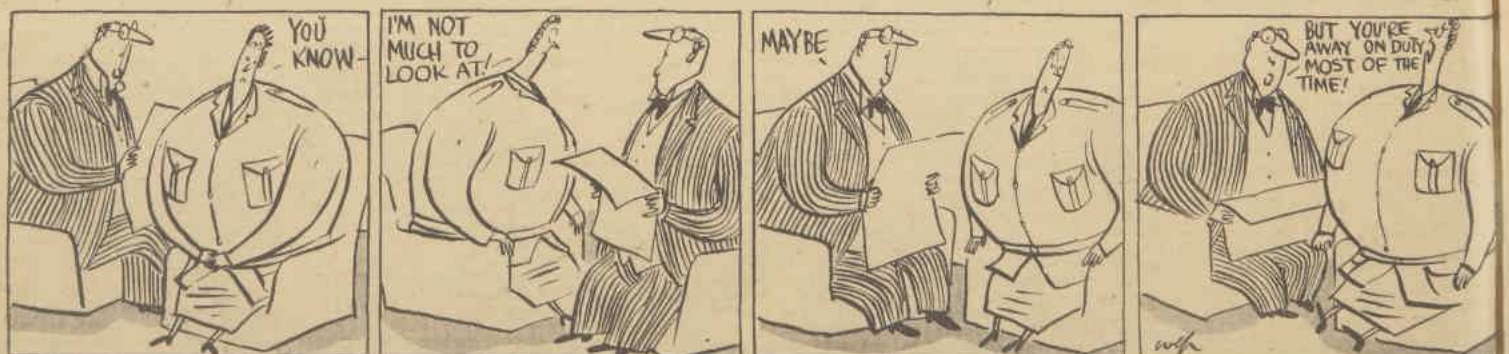
MR. A. L. GATES

Naval air power UNITED STATES Assistant-Secretary of the Navy for Air, Mr. A. L. Gates, is first American of Cabinet rank to tour New Guinea battle areas. Recently completed 27,000 miles survey of Pacific war fronts. Says: "Naval air power has changed, and will continue to change, strategy of naval warfare."



MRS. S. POWELL

Mothers' president. MRS. SARAH POWELL, Ringwood, Victoria, was recently awarded O.B.E. for her work for past 21 years as life-president of Sailors, Soldiers, and Airmen's Mothers' Association, Victoria. Mrs. Powell, born in New South Wales, is nearly 80. Is former president of Coburg Branch of Women's National League. Is on executive of women's branch of War Service Fund, Victoria.



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY ... By Wep



JAMES RAGLAN, radio star, who plays the role of Captain Geoffrey Somerset in the serial "Soldier of Fortune," on 2GB.

Stirring Adventure Story

A modern mythical kingdom in the Balkans is the setting for "Soldier of Fortune," a romantic serial which is 2GB's newest addition to their daytime entertainment.

THE star is James Raglan, who will be remembered on the screen for his performance in "Jew Suss" with Conrad Veidt. He has appeared in many British films.

In "Soldier of Fortune" he plays the role of Captain Geoffrey Somerset, noted for his resourcefulness. His strategy and diplomacy are responsible for averting war and saving Borovnia and its youthful Queen from many disasters.

Ultimately he helps to bring peace to the small kingdom, where the people have suffered so much under the rule of the ex-Regent, who has stolen from the Borovnian exchequer.

"Soldier of Fortune" is, however, not merely a story of war and its horrors. It is a romantic adventure, reminiscent of such famous stories as "The Prisoner of Zenda" and "The Mark of Zora."

Borovnia is ruled by the young Queen Adeline, a beautiful and impetuous ruler. This role is played by Muriel Steinbeck.

When she ascends the throne the times are difficult.

The Borovnian people, while they have a sentimental fondness for their Queen, have suffered so much under the Regency that they believe that any change of Government would be for the better.

The Black Scanderbega, an anti-monarchist organisation, and enemies of the State of Borovnia, determine to destroy the Queen, and attempt to assassinate her at her coronation.

The intervention of Captain Somerset frustrates this plan.

The story later introduces Prince Igor of Hesselstein, whose Balkan throne was swept away during the Great War.

Other players are Maiva Drummond, John Tate, Chas. McCallum, John Bedouin, Victor Gourié, Harry Howlett, and Peter Finch.

"Soldier of Fortune" will be heard from 2GB every Tuesday and Wednesday at 3.45 p.m.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY SESSION FROM 2GB

EVERY DAY FROM 4.30 TO 5 P.M.

WEDNESDAY, July 21: Reg. Edwards' Gardening Talk.

THURSDAY, July 22 (from 4.30 to 4.45): Goody Reece presents "All Those in Favour."

FRIDAY, July 23: The Australian Women's Weekly presents Goody Reece in Goss of Melody.

SATURDAY, July 24: Goody Reece presents Radio Competition.

SUNDAY, July 25 (4.15 to 5.0): The Australian Women's Weekly presents "Festival of Music."

MONDAY, July 26: Goody Reece's "Letters From Our Boys."

TUESDAY, July 27: Musical Alphabet.



Mandrake the Magician



MANDRAKE: Magician, and **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, are helping **PRINCESS NARDA:** Of Cockaigne, who is arrested for stealing money at a charity bazaar, and Teller Smith, accused of a bank theft.

Mandrake tells the Chief of Police that the thief is his former assistant, Grando, who hypnotised them and took the money.

He is given two weeks to prove his suspicions. Grando discovers that Mandrake is working on the case and goes to his house. He sees Mandrake and Lothar through the window and fires his revolver.

Lothar hurls Mandrake to the floor and the bullet misses its target. They run into the garden to catch the would-be assassin.

NOW READ ON:

IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR THAT BIG LUMMOX, I WOULD HAVE GOT HIM.

ME NO SEE GRANDO.

NEITHER DID I.

I HEARD A SHOT. WHAT HAPPENED?

A MAN TRIED TO KILL ME. HE MUST HAVE GONE UP THAT ALLEY.

FOLLOW HIM UP THE ALLEY. I'LL GO AROUND THE BLOCK AND HEAD HIM OFF.

DROP THAT GUN!

YOU DON'T WANT TO PUT THOSE HANDCUFFS ON ME, DO YOU, OFFICER?

HUH?

NO--I DON'T THINK I DO--

THINK COP GOT HIM? WE'LL KNOW WHEN WE GET AROUND THIS TURN!

AND GRANDO, MANDRAKE'S FORMER PROTEGE, HYPNOTIZES THE POLICEMAN!

I'M A FAT LITTLE GUY WITH YELLOW HAIR, AND I GOT AWAY. UNDERSTAND?

YES.

THE HYPNOTIZED POLICEMAN STANDS QUIETLY WHILE GRANDO FLEES--

WHERE IS HE?

HUH? OH--

AS MANDRAKE APPROACHES, SHOUTING, THE POLICEMAN SHAKES HIMSELF FROM THE HYPNOTIC STUPOR.

FAT LITTLE GUY--YELLOW HAIR--GOT AWAY--

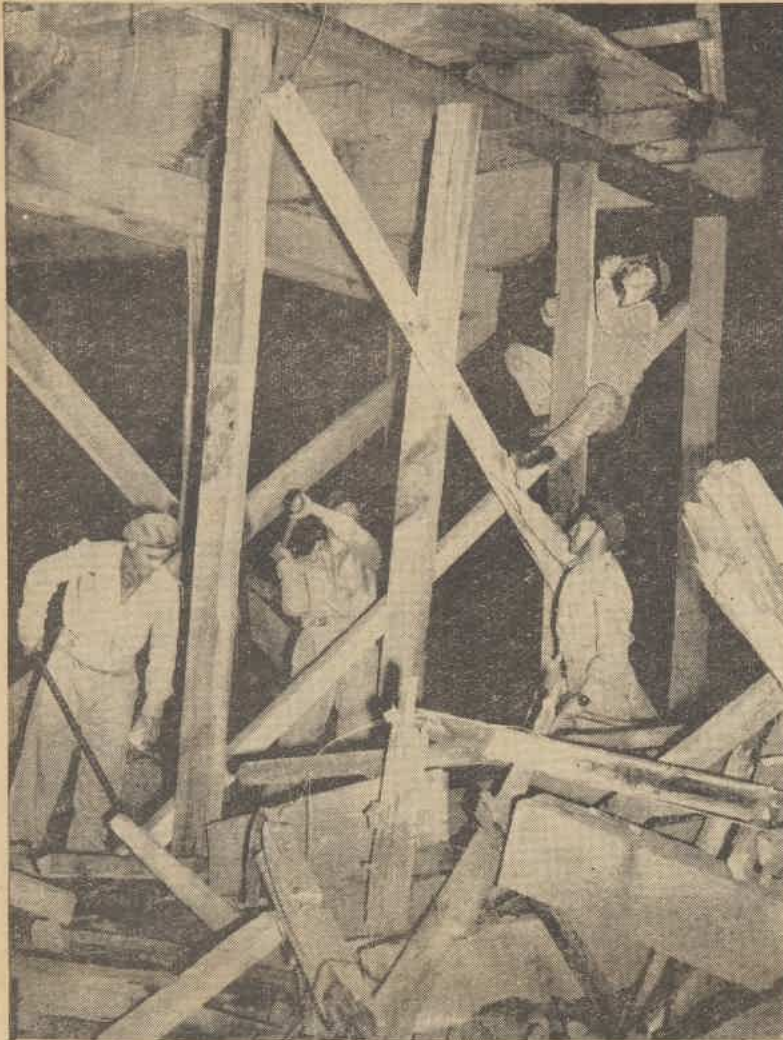
THAT CAN'T BE GRANDO! NOW I AM MIXED UP! WHO WAS IT?

THAT WAS A CLOSE SHAVE! I WAS A FOOL TO TACKLE MANDRAKE--

NARDA AND THAT BANKTELLER SMITH ARE THE ONLY ONES WHO CAN IDENTIFY ME! I'D BETTER ERASE THEM IN A HURRY!

TO BE CONTINUED

IT'S THEIR JOB TO TAME THE TANKS



SAPPERS BUILDING A BRIDGE BY NIGHT. These pictures were taken by war photographer Jack Hickson. The men working are Sappers George Worth (Manly), Bill Stephenson (Norfolk Island), Bill Cresdee (Coonsee), and Corporal Bob Prosser (Lismore).



FIELD OPERATION POST during an artillery practice shoot somewhere in Australia.

Impressions of a memorable tour of armored units

By **ALICE JACKSON**

Editor of *The Australian Women's Weekly*, who is on a tour of operational areas

We have just completed a memorable tour of armored units somewhere in Australia. We arrived at night when a picture show was in progress. From the pictures we went on to watch a steel bridge being constructed by sappers.

The night was mild, and from our vantage point in the shelter of the river valley the dark figures of the working party were silhouetted dramatically against a moonlit cloud-flecked sky.

WORKING with perfect precision and in complete unity, they thrust forward the huge steel bridgehead. It was just midnight when contact was made with the opposite bank.

Early next morning we drove over the bridge. Planked and marked with white traffic lines, it was completed and ready to take heavy tank traffic.

TANK LINE—Hors, Hyper...



HOMELY TASKS being done in off-duty hours by men of an armored unit. From left: Drivers Ferrari, Walker (darning a sock), Watson (at back), Foley (stirring clothes in bucket), Mulligan, and Gullen (washing a singlet). Driver Gullen said: "Mum will have it over me for the rest of my life if she sees this picture."

They were a cheery lot, these sappers. Working all night was a mere detail to men who have been in the toughest kind of training for over two years.

All the men in these units thrive on the strict discipline, severe training, and hard work.

In addition to their military training, with all it involves in the care and maintenance of heavy armored vehicles, they have built bridges, made roads, repaired fences, and achieved many miracles of improvisation.

There is no mistaking their superb morale. It impressed us at every turn in the two full days and evenings we spent with these units, talking to the men, watching them at all the homely tasks that occupy stand-down morning, at recreation, meals, and at work.

Every aspect of the daily round of camp life came under our review.

It was easy to see that the men have been trained to a high standard, and to us they appeared to have passed on their disciplined perfection to the monsters which are theirs for the taming.

Bronzed and fit, the men would be

remarked anywhere for their physique. In one magnificent looking squad the minimum height is 6ft. 2in.

Most of the troopers in it were N.S.W. men, some of them have been formerly well known as life-savers.

Chief-Chaplain W. R. Tyler, O.C., was formerly pastor of St. Matthew's Anglican Church, East Geelong. He has served three years in the Middle East, knows a lot about the needs of troops.

"These men are magnificent," he said. "In all my experience I have never known units respond better to their chaplains. Our work is heavily considerably by the full backing we get from the commander."

"The units contain many young men who came straight from home. In the last three weeks we have had four 31st birthday celebrations. At the moment I am preparing 123 for the men for confirmation."

"The chaplains of all denominations share the experiences of the men. They go out on route marches and night exercises with them."

"You can judge morale by the response to discipline. Here there are practically no petty crimes."



LOADING THE GUN during an impressive practice attack by units of Royal Australian Artillery somewhere in Australia. The gun crews are trained to clockwork precision.



ANDREW. From left: Signaller A. N. Berry (Cambaye, Qld.), Gunner Russell (Bundanoon), Paddy F. Smith (Denman), and Sergeant L. R. Robinson. The men are all splendidly fit.



THE tanks are all named, and this is an "H" series, including Hannibal, Hyperion, and Hestia. There are eight lots of brothers in the squadron.

The men have only one major complaint, they want to get into action. This morning I asked a group of them: "What would you sooner have, six days' leave, or embarkation?" With one voice they answered, "Embarkation!"

The commander of these units does not hold with the popular idea that the Australian is "a born soldier." He believes in the trained soldier.

Training follows the general principle that to be a good soldier a man has to be a good citizen. So machine training includes instruction in the aims for which we are fighting, in character training, and training for civil life.

Fast plains, covered with low shrubs and having good natural drainage, provide ideal locations for the camps.

Natural camouflage is abundant. The troops appreciate being out in the open with its limitless horizons.

These units get no leave except the annual 24 days' home leave. Twenty-four hours' leave in these parts would be useless to them, so they are in camp 24 hours a day, seven days a week.

Time does not hang heavily on their hands. They are too busy and too interested in their work for that. But, of course, they get very homesick.

Recently General Blamey visited them and approved of a plan by which a man can, if he wishes, take seven days from his annual leave and get transport to the nearest capital.

It is easy to know when there is a married man in a tent. On his makeshift table there is always a picture of his wife and family.

Pte. G. J. Terran, of Melbourne, a despatch rider who is "just dying to jump on the leave train," showed us a beautiful picture of his wife, two little sons, and a baby of 14 months.

Baby hasn't seen much of his father, but dad hopes to make an unforgettable impression on him next leave.

Other "Don R's" in this group included K. J. Foley, Malvern, Vic., and E. A. Milligan, Taree, N.S.W. Not far away from them were Ptes.

P. G. Walker, Captain's Flat, N.S.W.; J. A. Watson, Sydney; P. J. Gollan, Wingham, N.S.W.

Another tent was shared by Ptes. Arthur M. Kent, Casino, N.S.W.; Ron McLure, Prospect, S.A.; Fred Bowker, Yenda, N.S.W.; and L. W. Phillips, Moss Vale.

At a Tank Transporter Company, the O.C., Lieut. John O'Donnell, West Maitland, told us that the crews are technically as fully trained as an air crew. Each has learned the full operation and maintenance of diesel tractors.

Very important are the workshops. Small tools, gaskets, parts of tanks, unprocurable odds and ends are made in the workshops.

Small arms, rifles, Brens, machine and field guns are overhauled at the armament and small arms workshops. Staff-Sergeant F. A. Isaacs, who was in charge of one workshop



FIELD CAMOUFLAGE. All sorts of operation posts and gun emplacements are so cleverly hidden that they cannot be detected from a few feet away, let alone from the air or distant spy posts.



TANKS of an Australian armored unit manoeuvring in Australia. Their crews are as fully trained as are those of an aeroplane.

unit, was formerly manager of Knowlman and Son's department store at Goulburn. After joining he did a six months' course at Sydney Technical College, and then took a "Thy's" (armament artificer's) course at Sydney Showground.

On the last afternoon of our visit we witnessed an exciting attack by the Royal Australian Artillery.

Operation posts and gun emplacements were so well camouflaged that, when only a few feet away, we could not detect them. Over half a mile away was one moving target for a vicious little gun.

We were kept at a respectful distance to leeward of its ear-splitting barks, but were allowed to stand behind the gunner in the pit of a 25-pounder.

This was a great honor, but I have been in more tranquil spots.

The lightning speed of the loading, the tense second as the gunner strikes the trigger, the split fraction of time that passes before the mighty roar, the apparently never-ending reverberations crashing and echoing through the rain and wind-swept countryside, the eternity that elapses before white puffs of smoke infinite distances away mark the striking of the target—all these gave time, and its accepted divisions, an entirely new significance.

Neatly marked spaces on a dial cannot measure the lifetime of emotions contained in that load—fire—crash sequence.

The whole team moves as one man. The human figures at their super-human task take on a new significance, too, each team merging into a symbol of unflinching strength of purpose.

In the post-shoot calm I talked to members of crews and men at operational posts.

By that time I didn't find it hard to sympathise with the "moan," which was the only complaint I heard among these units.

"When do we get a chance to do our share in winning the war?" That evening they made the audience for a concert party. The mild night was moonless, but the stars were very bright.

The stage was flood-lit, and the artists, mostly from vaudeville, gave a most enjoyable performance.

Community singing made the finale. After days packed with sights of immense men, giant tanks, wicked guns, it was yet another moving experience to hear from the darkness those voices, a thousand strong, joining in the old, light-hearted melodies:

"Daisy, Daisy, give me your answer, do."

Or the whimsical nonsense of: "Daddy won't buy me a bow-wow-wow!"

We left wishing we could have granted a request we had got used to hearing from them:

"Ask Mandrake to arrange for us to have a look-in on the folks at home."



TANK ENGINE being cleaned by an Army craftsman at a field workshop of the armored units.



CAMP CONCERT out in the open on a moonless night. The men, tired after an arduous day on manoeuvres, listened contentedly to a vaudeville programme from a flood-lit stage. They finished off with some lusty community singing of old favorites. Short leave is useless to men in operational areas such as this, and concerts are a welcome break in routine.

"Of course," said Daskey, hastily.

But Falway, still looking slightly indignant, was on his way out, and Lorie was back at the radio. There was no one on hand but Cunningham. Shelving his distaste, Daskey turned to him.

"Lonely position for the little girl," he cried. "Too bad, that. All on her pat at her age. Needs a man to turn to. If she brings up the subject again to me I'll get something moving. Only too glad. Luckily these young women don't realise half the dangers of the world. If she did—"

"What makes you think she doesn't?" asked Cunningham. "She probably has a fairly full list of reasons for her sister's non-appearance rummaged away in her mind. But I fancy she's got into the habit of taking things. Anything, any time, from any direction."

"On quite—" agreed Daskey, too occupied with his new thoughts to follow Cunningham's remarks. "I wonder if her sister is anything like her?"

"I haven't the faintest idea," replied Cunningham, pulling a book out of his shapeless jacket-pocket.

Mrs. Shasters, run to earth with her head in a vast linen press, doubted whether they could raise the post office at Benton and get a call through to Sydney. "They close at six, you know. After that you have to pay an opening fee."

But that was not the only difficulty. Even if she happened to be at home, the postmistress was under no obligation to answer a call after hours, while on Saturday nights, Mrs. Shasters knew for a fact, it was her invariable habit to play cards at the baker's until a late hour.

"All the same I'd like to try," insisted Sheila. "The postmistress might have decided to stop home for a change."

Mrs. Shasters led the way to the office. Furiously she cranked the handle of the old-fashioned telephone, but without any result.

"What about to-morrow?" asked

Continuing . . . Lady In Hazard

from page 4

Sheila, anxiously. "Will they be open then?"

"Not officially. But you can generally raise them some time on Sunday."

"We'll have another try after breakfast to-morrow," said Sheila. "That ought to catch her before she goes out."

The feet that recrossed the vestibule lagged. Sheila realised that she was more tired than she had ever been in her life before. She knew it would be more sensible to return to the lights and company of the lounge, but could not face them.

Instead, she drifted to the window of the hall and stood there, her face pressed against the pane, gazing out at the wind-tossed trees.

The darkness seemed full of menace, a sharp contrast to the warm, genial house behind her. A fatiguing house in some way, but that was the way with holiday houses if you went alone. Everyone felt slightly responsible for your comfort. A faint smile lit her eyes. One could hardly include Cunningham in that category.

Her mind dwelt on him for a moment, but it was too weary for impersonal questioning, and turned, with her eyes, to the black night again.

She knew that unreasonable feeling of disloyalty which seized those who, safe and warm, think of others in a danger which they cannot share. What could have held Margaret up? How could she have taken two whole days to come that distance from Sydney? Wherever she had broken down, surely she could have found a telephone by this time? Depression, blind and black, swept over the girl. She turned with a little gasp at a step behind her.

It was Cunningham, on his way to bed. "What are you doing here?"

His tone was curt, but she supposed he was trying to be kind. "I was only looking out at the garden," she hesitated.

"Rather useless proceeding, seeing there's no garden to look at in this light. If you're tired of home

sapient at the moment—for which I don't blame you—why not go to bed? Pried out you won't sleep?"

"Maybe." Under his commonsense queries she was quickly regaining her nerve. She began to smile.

"Why don't you take that hot milk you prescribed for me?" he inquired.

"What?" "Yes, I heard you. Your voice carries. Many thanks, however, for the kind defence."

"Oh, that's all right," she returned simply. "I don't see why you should talk to us if we make you sick. Maybe you're right about bed. Good-night."

And before he could offer any more suggestions she turned and ran lightly up the stairs.

It was an impulse she regretted as soon as the door closed behind her. She had left one loneliness for another, and there are times when it is not good to be alone. For now there rushed back to her the memory of that fantastic moment when she had imagined Margaret was standing beside her.

Telepathy? Had Margaret, held up somewhere by a breakdown and cut off from a telephone, unconsciously sent out a message to her?

She did not believe it for a moment. Telepathy might be all many people claimed, but she had never imagined herself receptive in that way. "I'm too ordinary for that," she thought, staring at the tired face in the glass.

She had always, in her rare moments of self-consciousness, seen herself as ordinary. Born into a clever, restless family, she felt her nature to be unenterprising, undemanding, almost childish compared to theirs. Her chief job, she had felt, was to fit in with their plans, and not make a nuisance of herself holding them back when they needed to branch out in the world.

Margaret would be really annoyed if she knew she was worrying unnecessarily, and this, more than anything else, served to control her fears.

Cunningham had shaken her out of her black depression into a saner mood, and she must hold to it, or she would look like nothing on earth to-morrow.

She undressed quickly and slipped into the nightgown perfumed with lavender, as was all her underwear, for this was one of the few luxuries she had held to from her leisurely childhood. The familiar fragrance gave a homely feeling to the room, and by the time she returned from a wash she felt a shade more settled.

The habit of courage is very strong. Though still nervous to twitching point the point where one time she had begun to wake up instead of going to sleep, she began, very slowly and deliberately, to push back each thought as it came.

She had learnt this sleep-trick during the time when her eldest brother was missing, before he was discovered to be a prisoner in Germany. Knowing she must be fresh for work the next day, she had tried every known ruse to induce sleep, ending with this persistent, relentless thrusting back of each thought as it arose.

Her mind began to settle, to grow quieter; her body felt softer, her limbs relaxed along the bed.

It was strange—almost asleep, she knew a faint amusement at its persistence—but the thought which resisted her longest was the fact that Miss Falway's airman friend apparently had some influence over the way she did her hair. Waiting for Mrs. Shasters, she had happened to glance through the hall, saw Desmond turn the girl to the faint light, touch the piled top-knot, and shake his head.

It had been enough, evidently. Between that and dinner she had set it free again, hanging down in curls. The airman had been right. It suited her much better that way. Her classic beauty had no need of smart hairdressing.

Much better that way . . . she should not have changed it . . . don't change it . . .

Her thoughts had ceased to make sense, they fell back now, not before her will, but an overpowering weariness.

Before the clock in the hall struck ten Sheila was asleep.

She emerged slowly from a deep and refreshing sleep.

Her watch told her it was nearly eight o'clock. She heard faint sounds of movement about the house, and

sat up abruptly, with a guilty sense of having overslept herself. Then she remembered that it was Sunday, and that she would breakfast in leisurely state at nine or after.

The wind had died; she could no longer hear it singing in the pines, and the sun, breaking through a cloud of mist over the hills to the east, streamed through the window.

Mrs. Shasters announced herself by a tap on the door, and a maternal "good-morning." She bore tea.

"I forgot to ask whether you cared for it," she said, apologetically. "So many girls don't nowadays. I hope you slept well."

"Like the dead," admitted Sheila, with a smile.

"That's nice." Mrs. Shasters beamed as though she had been done a personal favor. "Lots of people don't, you know, their first night in a strange bed. I was afraid you might be worrying about your sister."

Sheila said truthfully that she had slept without stirring.

"How splendid. Well, I must be on my rounds. Of course, this shouldn't be my work, actually, but you know how things are. Short-handed, and my husband down with bronchitis. Not that I take it to the gentlemen. I really can't bring myself to go into a gentleman's room in the morning. My father always said that a man who wanted tea before breakfast would want something worse before the day was over. What he'd have said nowadays, with ration-books and all, I don't know."

"Personally, I never drink it going to bed; it keeps me awake. Probably because my brain is too active. Now take your time, dear. There's no hurry. My father always said that persons who couldn't spend a short while alone every day must be afraid of their own thoughts."

Sheila, apparently, was not afraid of hers; she lay there luxuriously for twenty minutes, sipping her tea, and watching the sun clear the bank of mist.

This was the first day of her longed-for holiday. What would it bring? Margaret first, for a certainty.

Her eyes roamed round the room, a charming little place, with cream ceiling and woodwork, and a wallpaper in which apricot roses and golden lilies twined loosely together. Bedspread, rugs, and table-runner echoed this color scheme, and a pale, waxed floor gleamed with hard polishing.

A room to soothe the nervous guest, providing the worry was of the soothing type. Luckily hers was. She felt very different this morning, and looked back on those queer little moments of horror she had known yesterday as though on a nightmare. Lying here, in a glow of sunlight, she felt certain that Margaret's lateness was due to some simple breakdown which had temporarily stranded her in an awkward spot.

By breakfast time, probably, she would be here.

WHAT THEN,

Sheila asked herself. Well, there was plenty to amuse one at Red Shutters, despite the small number of guests. A pity the only youngish men in the place were the bored Kenneth Cunningham and the boring Leslie Daskey.

What lay behind Cunningham's boredom? It did not seem to arise from any false impression of superiority, but to spring from some sort of weariness, not altogether cynicism, but the fatigue of a man who has seen too much of the world too soon, and found it an unpleasant place, peopled by an unpleasant species.

She had known men like that before, but they had generally been much older than Cunningham, and with all the freshness burnt out by disipation, leaving nothing but the pose of boredom. She felt that Cunningham was different. Bored, certainly, but not a poseur. She could tell that by his eyes. There was a bleakness, an emptiness there that she could not analyse.

Rising, she collected her towels and toilet bag and set out for the bathroom. At a turn in the corridor she all but collided with Mlle Moreau, causing her to drop a variety of objects—bottles, tubes, and boxes.

But their owner still retained the most valuable portion of her gear, an enamel dish from which arose steam permeated with one of the most suffocating aromas Sheila had ever encountered, a small compound of creosote, eucalyptus,

Animal Antics



"It's no wonder they don't bother Lucifer. He'd make such a goofy-looking rug."

menthol, and a host of other unidentifiable ingredients, culminating in clove.

Sheila apologised, bending to collect the scattered toilet articles. Straightening, she found the dark-eyed woman staring at her with more than ordinary alarm.

Then she began to sneeze. It was no simple paroxysm, but a series of sneezes which, starting in quite a small way, gradually rose to a terrific crescendo, and then died down, leaving their victim leaning against the wall, tears running down her cheeks, until at last she set her bowl on the floor and dabbed her face with a towel.

From its folds she thanked Sheila warmly for her help.

"You have a cold," suggested Sheila gravely.

A cold! Mlle Moreau gazed at her reproachfully. This was no cold. It was hay fever. She was a martyr. No one knew how she suffered. She had tried this. She had tried that. That bowl . . . she could hardly smell it.

"You don't think you're overdoing it?" suggested Sheila.

But no, protested the little lady. All these things in her bowl, they were good. Not just for the hay fever, but for all those so terrible diseases that could be caught. Especially they could be caught in guest-houses, where people come all weary from far and near. And with peoples from the East dispersed all over Australia, who could say? Every guest who came to this house might carry some terrible germ.

It was plain that in the mind of Mlle Moreau germs ranked only second to Germans. She had added the sadness of hypochondria to her other troubles.

"I don't think you need worry about it, Mademoiselle," smiled Sheila gently. "We all seem pretty healthy. But if you are nervous of guest-houses, isn't there some friend or relation in Australia you could live with?"

Ah, she had brothers, all two in Sydney, admitted Mlle Moreau. And so willing to have her live by them. But she was too much afraid and terrified of the bombs. Any day now they might drop . . . drop . . . drop . . .

By her gesture she felt them even at this moment showering about her.

Hopeless thought Sheila, with a pitying frown. Fear followed Mademoiselle wherever she moved; rose with her, ate with her, went to bed with her. But she made a last attempt.

"Really, Mademoiselle, I would not inhale such strong mixtures if I were you. I'm sure they must irritate your membranes."

Membranes, moaned Mlle Moreau—what membranes had been left were glad of what relief she could give them. In any case, what was the use of membranes when the accursed complaint destroyed one's soul?

Yesterday—no, the day before—all day had she spent in bed, trying to recover herself of this affliction. The others, they had all gone off to the falls, but she, poor sufferer, had struggled with this demon which possessed her from breakfast till dark. Dazed, almost deaf, with her own sneezing, she had lain between blankets, not daring to come out.

At length, announcing that another paroxysm was imminent, she snatched up the bowl and departed.

To be continued



Soldier of Fortune

A Modern Romantic Serial that abounds in action and movement, featuring James Raglan, of film fame.

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Tues. & Wed.,
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Calling! 'Mrs. 'Obbs'

And her comedy team: Mrs. Jupp, Mrs. Bottomley, Mr. Bundle, Mrs. Jeffries, and husband Alfie.

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Now
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Fashion PATTERNS

F2255.—Cleverly styled coat for all-occasion wear. 32 to 38-inch bust. Requires 2½ yds. 54ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

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To fit sizes 36, 38, and 40-inch hip measurements.

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F1934.—Darling smocked romper suit designed to fit infants 6 months to 2 years. Requires 1½ yds. 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/4; with transfer, 2/4.

F1934



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Needlework Notions

Well-styled Topcoat

THIS smart little coat for the small girl (No. 229) comes to you with the pattern clearly traced on a heavyweight woolen in attractive shades of pink, blue, beige, and grey. The style shows a high-fitting, turn-down collar, long sleeves, and a three-button fastening front. Shaped pockets trim the front, and the skirt is slightly flared.

Size 2 to 4 years, 16/9 (7 coupons); size 4-6 years, 17/11 (7 coupons). Plus 10½d. postage.

Paper pattern of this garment is also available for 1/4.



367

Baby Pillow Shams

YOU may obtain these shams with the embroidery design traced clearly on genuine sheer linen in pastel tones of blue, pink, and salmon, or in Horrockses plain white linen. The shams are also available traced on a plain white voile. The size is 12 inches by 18 inches, and the edges are scalloped. A lace edge is shown on the shams illustrated, but this lace is not supplied with the sham.

Price, 3/11 each, or the two for 6/6. Plus 2d. postage. No coupons.

When ordering, please quote No. 367.



To smarten your Two-piece

ABOVE are illustrated two smartly-tailored-looking costume fronts. These fronts come in white waffle pique or in crease-resisting linen in shades of pink, blue, deep sage, and vieux rose, ready to cut out and make up.

There two styles, as you can see. One cut shirt style, the other with puritan-like collar.

The business girl is well advised to invest in two or three of these fronts, which come crisp and fresh from the wash, and will give long, smart service.

Price, 3/3 each, or the two for 6/4, plus 2½d. postage, and 3 coupons required for each front. Please ask for No. 370.

Fashion Frock Service

Smart outfit — "MADELINE" BLOUSE, "SALLY" SKIRT, "PAULA" JERKIN

THE well-styled blouse features a high-fitting collar which may be turned back if desired; front button fastening and full sleeves gathered into a wrist-band. Tuck-in style, good length.

"MADELINE" is fashioned from a good rayon crepe-de-chine, and comes in pink, blue, lavender, and white. "SALLY" is a skirt with a four-panel front and a two-panel back. The gored are graduated and flare out slightly at the bottom of the skirt. Fashioned from a simple woven three cloth, it comes in attractive colors, as grey, rust, burgundy, light navy, pale blue, and ink-blue.

"PAULA" is a severely tailored jerkin. It is sleeveless and collarless, and shows a three-button front fastening with interesting cut-away at front. Obtainable in same fabrics and colors as "SALLY" skirt.

Ready to Wear: "MADELINE" Blouse—32 and 34in. bust, 12/11; 36, 38, and 40in. bust, 13/11 (7 coupons). Postage 9½d.

"SALLY" Skirt: 36, 38, and 40in. hips, 29/11; 42 and 44in. hips, 31/11 (7 coupons). Postage 10½d.

"PAULA" Jerkin: 32 and 34in. bust, 19/11; 36, 38, and 40in. bust, 21/11 (6 coupons). Postage 10½d.

Cut Out Only: "MADELINE" Blouse—32 and 34in. bust, 12/11; 36, 38, and 40in. bust, 14/9 (7 coupons). Postage 9½d.

"SALLY" Skirt: 36, 38, and 40in. hips, 19/11; 42 and 44in. hips, 21/11 (7 coupons). Postage 10½d.

"PAULA" Jerkin: 32 and 34in. bust, 12/11; 36, 38, and 40in. bust, 13/11 (6 coupons). Postage 10½d.

How to obtain "MADELINE," "SALLY," and "PAULA": In N.S.W. obtain postal note for required amount and send to Box 2488H, G.P.O., Sydney. In other States use address given on this page. When ordering, be sure to state bust measurement and name of model.





DANCE FOR 103rd A.G.H. Billie Andrew (centre), Marie Littlejohn (right), and Helen Stacy finishing their poster for ball at Town Hall this Friday, arranged by A.B.C. Staff War Fund for 103rd A.G.H.

PARTY FOR COMMITTEE. Lady Walder (left),
Pte. H. M. Eadie, Mrs. Penfold Hyland, and Pte. P. W.
Milburn at party given by Lady Walder for her Red
Cross Day committee.

Movie World

Happy in careers ...and private lives

Airmailed from CHRISTINE WEBB,
in Hollywood.

BOTH Brenda Marshall and Joan Crawford have achieved stardom by hard work and determination, and now, at the peak of their careers, they seem to have gained a new serenity, also helped by the fact that after unsuccessful matrimonial ventures both girls are now supremely happy in their private lives.

Joan Crawford's first marriage with Douglas Fairbanks, jun., was unsuccessful because she concentrated on becoming a "lady," so that Doug would not be ashamed to introduce her to his society friends. With her second husband, Franchot Tone, Joan went intellectual, so that she could converse with Franchot's friends, but her present husband, Philip Terry, is just a likeable, attractive chap, with whom Joan can be completely natural.

Joan also gets a great thrill out of the nursery work she is doing these days, and is the California State Chairman of the American Women's Voluntary Services Nursery Committee, which she was instrumental in establishing just over 12 months ago. Realising that there was no one to take care of the children whose mothers were engaged in war work, she found a suitable house, and there 50 children between the ages of two and six years are being cared for. Joan pays all expenses, as well as giving up her time to help as supervisor.

After an unhappy marriage with Richard Gaines, lovely Brenda Marshall is now blissfully happy as Mrs. William Holden. Bill is a Lieutenant in the Army, and Brenda is retiring from the screen for a while as she is expecting a baby.



• Brenda Marshall has retired from the screen temporarily, as she is expecting a baby. Her latest films for Warners were "You Can't Escape Forever," in which she is co-starred with George Brent, and "Background to Danger," with George Raft and Peter Lorre.



• The latest photo of Joan Crawford, taken on the MGM set of "Reunion," in which Joan plays with Philip Dorn and John Wayne. Joan gives a magnificent performance in this film, which is a moving drama of Occupied Holland and France.

It is my job to always look fresh and smart, give special attention to my personal appearance and keep the tiring effects of nursing and War strain in the background. I show the World my cheeriest self with the aid of Escapade Lipstick. Escapade is made from the formula of our principals, who are one of America's foremost cosmetic manufacturers.

Made in two sizes

Escapade

THE THOROUGHbred OF LIPSTICKS

Wartime chase in Europe . . .



1 IN VIENNA, radio correspondent Patrick (Cary Grant) discovers that the prospective bride of Baron von Luber is really an ex-striptease dancer, Katie O'Hara.



4 HAVING PERSUADED KATIE to leave her husband, Patrick attempts to smuggle her out of Poland, but the pair are flung into concentration camp.



2 MEANWHILE, the baron (Walter Slezak), who is actually one of Hitler's key men, drinks a toast to his attractive fiancée, Katie (Ginger Rogers), before leaving on their honeymoon in Warsaw.



3 MARRIED EN ROUTE to Warsaw, Katie is there for bombing, and gives her passport to Jewish maid to enable her and her children to escape.



5 THEY ESCAPE to Paris, where Katie inexplicably rejoins her husband, but American agent disguised as German officer (Albert Dekker) tells Patrick she is reporting baron's movements.



6 ESCAPING AGAIN from the baron, Katie and Patrick flee to America, but to their horror discover that the baron, as advance-man for Hitler, is fellow-passenger.



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Manicure Sticks

Do not splinter

LIMITED SUPPLIES AVAILABLE

"ONCE UPON A HONEYMOON"

DIRECTED by Leo McCarey, RKO'S comedy drama, "Once Upon a Honeymoon," tends to become very confusing in some sequences. This is hardly surprising in view of the fact that the two stars, Ginger Rogers and Cary Grant, are pursued across five Hitler-conquered countries with the Gestapo and Ginger's husband at their heels.

Bob Hope in England

By Cable from
VIOLA MACDONALD, in Hollywood.

BOB HOPE is now in England, where he is combining a series of camp tours with the celebration of his grandfather's 100th birthday.

Bob took his troupe to England to entertain the soldiers there, and will then go on to North Africa. He is hoping to visit Australia, but has no idea when that might be, as he never knows until the last minute what spot is next on his schedule.

He has been touring constantly since the outbreak of war, and has made two trips to the Alaskan area.

"The hardest audience I have ever played for," said Bob, "were four Eskimos whose frozen faces didn't register a single smile during my whole routine."

The Bob Hope-Bing Crosby golf matches have proved very profitable for selling bonds, and the pair have raised over two million dollars in this way. After one match Hope's fans demanded parts of clothing for souvenirs, so Bob auctioned off a sweater for five thousand dollars in bonds, got two thousand for each sock, and then fled before having to find a barrel to wear home.

WHEN YOU'RE DOUBLED UP with

burning indigestion pains,

Bisurated Magnesia brings swift

relief. Bisurated Magnesia

neutralises excess acids, protects

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WOODS' Great PEPPERMINT CURE

For Coughs, Colds and Influenza

Gay styles designed for warmth



● Specially designed for mid-winter — a small felt hat, renovated from a last year's model, and two attached scarf ends to drape snugly round neck and shoulders — or worn tucked into a coat.



● This tiny bonnet is designed expressly to combat cold. It is of felt and draped fine sheer wool or jersey gathered and caught in under the hair, entirely enclosing it.



● This is another version of our lovely knitted hood and scarf featured on the cover of this issue — a hooded vest with pockets this time, a snug little winter accessory which could be made from left-overs. If you have material enough, make it double, and it will be reversible. Wear it over your sports dresses or under your topcoat.



● Here's one way of doing something to a coat you are tired of. Add new check sleeves, facings and revers and four whopping buttons. Then take eight inches off the hemline and you have a new three-quarter length coat.

● Two scraps of lovely soft woollen and a felt cut down to the tiniest size and worn bonnet fashion—the scarf ends worn loose or tied under the chin—and you have the cosiest hat to defeat a sharp wind.



● A pinafore is the best way I know of making over a dress that is worn and rubbed at neckline, under-arm, and elbow. A really warm garment, too, when worn with a long-sleeved wool blouse or a hand-knitted sweater beneath.

Penne

Continuing . . . Intelligence

from page 5

THEN his spirits fell abruptly. He had not written either to Susan or Dorothy or Miriam this week, thanks to the hours spent travelling from England.

Crowe groaned despondently. But outside, the assistant naval attaché welcomed him with a smile. "Here's Miss Haycraft," he said. "I thought you'd like her assistance in writing your report. You needn't worry about her—she knows more secrets than the admiralty itself."

Miss Haycraft was a pleasant little thing with an unobtrusive air of complete efficiency. She sat down with her notebook in just the right way to start Crowe off pouring out his report of his interview with the admiral and Lieutenant Brand.

Half-way through his discourse Captain Crowe stopped. "I wonder if the Embassy has any records on a man named Broening?" he asked. "Nazi feller. Believe he was consul or minister or something in a Central American State, I—"

"Yes, captain," said Miss Haycraft crisply. "Herr Broening is in New York, waiting to take passage on the diplomatic-exchange ship, Frottingholm."

"Ah! said Crowe. "And when does the Frottingholm sail?"

"It's not definite," the girl answered. "There's some trouble getting Berlin to assure safe passage."

"U'm'm," said Captain Crowe. In another ten minutes the report was done. Crowe looked at Miss Haycraft and felt temptation—not temptation with regard to Miss Haycraft, however; she was not the girl to offer it.

"Was the A.N.A. really speaking the truth when he said you could be trusted with a secret?" he asked.

"Yes," said Miss Haycraft, and her manner implied that there was no need to enlarge on the subject.

"All right, then," said Crowe, taking the plunge. "Take this letter. Dear Susan: As you will see, I have got hold of a typewriter and I am

trying my hand at it. Please forgive me this week for being so impersonal, but I have had a good deal to do—"

The letter to Susan ran off as smoothly as oil; it was even more impressive than the writing of the report. When it was finished Crowe looked at Miss Haycraft once more. Well, he might as well be hanged for a sheep as for a lamb.

"I'd like you," he said, "to do that letter over three times, no, you might as well make it four. Begin 'em, 'Dear Susan,' 'Dear Dorothy,' 'Dear Miriam,' and 'Dear Jane'—no, not 'Dear Jane.' You'd better say 'Dearest Jane.' Have you got that right?"

"Yes, Captain Crowe," said Miss Haycraft, and she did not even smile.

This was marvellous; his conscience was clear for a week, and Crowe felt more like singing than ever. Perhaps it was this mounting exhilaration that led to the rapid evolution in his mind of the plan to discredit Loewenstein.

All I need, he told himself, is an old hulk with a loose propeller shaft, a quick job of maritime face-lifting, and some co-operation from the newspaper and wireless Johnnies. I've a feeling the admiral ought to be able to get those things for me.

"What can I do for you, Mr. O'Connor?" asked the manager of the broadcasting station.

Mr. O'Connor displayed a badge held in the palm of his hand and passed an unsealed envelope across the desk to the manager.

"Very glad to do anything I can," said the manager when he read the enclosed letter.

Mr. O'Connor produced a couple of typewritten sheets of paper.

"That goes on the air," he said, at "eleven o'clock to-morrow morning, at Reitz's usual time."

The manager looked at the sheets. It was the usual kind of broadcast

for which Mr. Reitz paid twice a week, advertising the goods for sale in his store—galvanised buckets at 69 cents, and so on. The turns of phrase, the arrangement of the wording, bore the closest possible resemblance to Mr. Reitz's usual style.

"I suppose I'll have to do it," said the station manager. "But what is Reitz going to say when he hears it?"

"He may hear it," said O'Connor dryly, "but he won't be in a position to object. He'll be in a safe place, and I don't expect it'll be long before he's in a safer place still."

"I see," said the station manager. "I'm only too glad to help."

"Thank you very much," said the F.B.I. agent.

"It will be a clear night, captain," said the admiral.

"I wouldn't object to a bit of haze myself, sir," said Crowe.

The admiral grinned. "Well, at least you must admit everything's come off slicker than an eel in a barrel of grease. There's the old Peter Wilkes, bless her leaking hull, disguised as the Frottingholm, all dressed up in a coat of white paint and a big sign, DIPLOMAT, on her side, lighted up like a Coney Island excursion boat, wallowing along ahead of us with that fake second funnel threatening to blow off any minute. And her loose screw is kicking up such a fuss that our listeners are going deaf."

"And here we are, seven of us, coasting along behind her, blacked out and with our men at battle stations. I only hope your hunch is right, captain. I'd hate to lose that skeleton crew aboard the Wilkes. And I'd hate to have this whole expedition turn out to be a howler."

"It won't," said Crowe, with an assurance he did not feel. "Loewenstein hates Broening—always has. He knows if his former helmsman gets back to Berlin safely Raeder is due to give him a naval command

that would put him over Loewenstein. And Germany wants to break up Pan-American solidarity if she can. What better way than to have a U-boat sink a diplomatic ship and claim it was done by you Americans or us British?"

"Loewenstein thinks he can kill two birds with one stone—getting rid of a personal enemy and upsetting Allied relations at the same time. And he won't torpedo that ship. He's been told it's without escort, and he'll surface and shell—and machine-gun the lifeboats later at his convenience."

"And the loose screw of the Wilkes," observed the admiral, "will prevent his listeners from knowing we're in the neighborhood."

"Right, sir."

Crowe turned and looked back over the destroyers following behind him. He felt very happy at the imminent prospect of action.

A bell rang sharply in the chart-room behind him.

The admiral was inside on the instant, and Crowe overheard a low-voiced dialogue between him and the ensign within. Then the white uniform of the admiral showed up again, ghostly in the dark.

"They're on to something," said the admiral. "Can't get a bearing because of the ungodly noise that dressed-up hulk ahead is making. But I think your friend is in the neighborhood."

"I hope he is," said Crowe.

The bell rang again and yet again, and the information brought each time was more defined. Something on the port bow was moving steadily to intercept the Wilkes. And behind them rose the moon.

There was no chance at all of the squadron being surprised, but no one could tell just at which second the shock would come.

Somebody shouted. The gongs sounded. Crowe caught a fleeting glimpse of a long black shape breaching just off the side of the gaily lighted white hulk ahead. Then the guns broke into a roar.

And That's That

Continued from page 7

IN a daze Jet walked out to his waiting car and heard the story—not a pretty story. James Bell, well known to the police as a clever car thief—charged now with stealing a valuable car—knocking down and fatally injuring an elderly man and leaving him to die on the roadside—driving into a ditch and damaging the car—and all that on the night he'd met her—all that, and then ten minutes later he'd talked to her of adventure, romance, love!

When she reached the police station the first person she saw standing solidly in that dreary room was Don. He came swiftly across to her. "Sorry you had to be dragged into this, Jet. I'd hoped to save you the unpleasantness. But Inspector Brent insisted on you being here."

Jet felt a wave of reassurance sweep over her. She gave Don a grateful smile.

There was a stir at the door. Jet turned and confronted "Michael"—it was the same Michael, yet so different. She was suddenly conscious that the smiling lips seemed cruel; the blue eyes shifty; the lifting voice shrill.

"Is this the man who came to your car on Sunday night last and asked for a lift?" asked Brent.

She managed a whispered "Yes." The story was quite simple, reconstructed by Brent. Knowing the police were close on his heels, and discovering that the car he had stolen was getting short of petrol, "O'Halloran" ran it into a ditch, presumably to mislead his pursuers. Then he rushed on ahead, hiding the other side of the hedge that fringed the lonely, unfrequented road. He saw Jet in the car alone, and this gave him the heaven-sent opportunity he so badly needed.

He walked towards the car with his plausible tale. When he heard the approach of the police car he had embraced Miss Phillips ardently just as the car drew near. Miss Phillips being overcome, presumably with fright, was unable to call out.

Jet felt sick with shame and misery as "Michael" O'Halloran was hustled from the room.

Then she heard Don's quiet, steady voice:

"I don't think I've mentioned before, Inspector, that when I returned to the car I found Miss Phillips obviously a little upset, but it wasn't until we had parted with our visitor—that she told me that she had suspected from the first moment that he was mentally deranged and that she had humored him in his impertinent conduct because she felt it was the safest thing to do."

"When your car drew level, Miss Phillips hadn't the power to call out, for O'Halloran had her face pressed against his shoulder, obviously to safeguard himself from any cry of distress she might make. When I returned to the car she still had no opportunity of communicating her fears to me. I think you'll agree with me that she did well to keep her head in such very difficult circumstances."

Don! Dear, kind, super-honest Don, piling up white lies on her behalf so that she was saved from the humiliation that truth had brought.

He was hustling her out of the dreary police station towards the familiar little car.

"Don," she whispered, as she settled herself inside. "I must tell you . . . Don, you were splendid to me . . . I don't deserve—"

His large hand closed over hers in a tight squeeze. His voice was very gentle: "I think," he said, "we'll just forget everything that has happened between last Sunday night and this evening. We'll wipe it right out and start afresh."

He pressed the self-starter. Nothing happened—for the petrol gauge registered nil.

"Well, that's that," announced Don.

Jet threw back her head and laughed merrily.

"What's the joke, sweet? Have I said something funny?" asked Don hopefully.

"No, darling," replied Jet. "But those are the most comforting words in your vocabulary. Say them again!"

(Copyright)

SOMEONE shouted another order, and the depth charges began to rain into the sea.

Then the destroyers wove together firing, and the last depth charge searched out the areas that had escaped the teeth of the comb in the first sweep. Reports were coming up from below in a steady stream. The little ship's consorts were sending messages as well.

"We hit two," said the admiral. "I saw the bursts."

Crowe had seen them, too, but submarines have been known to survive direct hits from big shells. But if Loewenstein had been where he might have been expected to be, out watching the effect of his guns and the behavior of his subordinates, there was every chance that one of the shells had killed him.

"Only negative from down below," said the admiral.

The instruments proved the ocean depths unhampered, now that the Wilkes had cut her engines and was drifting. Reports said there was no trace of the solid bodies the instruments previously had contacted below the surface. Presumably, every submarine, torn open and rent asunder, had already sunk down into the freezing depths.

Crowe took the first full breath he had enjoyed since the admiral had flung his poser at him in the Navy Department office, days before. Now, he knew, the Queen Anne could make her run with relative security. Now he knew his hunch had been right; his hunch that Loewenstein would try to murder his helmsman, Broening.

The bell rang and some fresh information came up.

"Some indication of something on the surface," said the admiral. "This'll be wreckage, I guess. . . . Listen!" he said suddenly. There was a voice hailing them from the surface. "A survivor. One of the guns' crew blown into the sea when our shells hit them."

Survivors sometimes can give even better information than wreckage. They searched carefully in the faint light of the moon to find the man who was hailing them. And when they found him and hauled him on board Crowe recognised the pug nose and the shape of the head even through the mask of oil. It was Korvettenkapitan Lothar Wolfgang von und zu Loewenstein.

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Makers of vitally necessary dispensary, laboratory and clinical glassware for use by the fighting forces.



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Health begins in childhood—and so, often, does constipation. Keep your children free from constipation with NYAL FIGSEN, the gentle laxative. It is easy and pleasant to take—can be chewed like a lolly. Give them half to one FIGSEN tablet at bedtime. In the morning FIGSEN acts—mildly yet thoroughly—no gripping pain, no stomach upset. Sold by chemists everywhere. 24 tablets—1/3.

Nyal Figsen
THE GENTLE LAXATIVE

HEENZO COUGH REMEDY WILL SAVE YOU MONEY

Making your own family cough remedy is one way you can save money. Just add a little of concentrated "HEENZO" to sweetened water and you make one pint or the equal of eight bottles of the very best ready mixed cough remedies that would cost up to £1. "HEENZO" costs only 2/- and you will be delighted with its flavour and the speedy way it soothes sore throats, eases the chest, and quickly relieves coughs, colds, croup, bronchitis, sore throats and influenza.

Enchanting cover design . . .

HOODED SCARF and gloves to wear yourself

● Easily, swiftly knitted, this flattering hooded scarf can be made now. Match it with the cosy gloves and capture real chic . . . Look younger, prettier!

YOU'VE precious little leisure these days — more reason for you to look your prettiest when you go places after the day's work is done.

You can, and will, look lovely in this hooded scarf with matching gloves.

This outfit has been designed to add glamor when you feel your best; to cheer you up when you don't—and it will keep you beautifully warm.

Here are the directions:

HOODED SCARF

Materials: 12oz. Patons' Bonny sports wool, 1 pair No. 4 knitting needles. Cast on 50 stitches.

1st Row: K 1, * k 1, p 1, repeat from * to the last st., k 1.

Repeat this row until work measures 26ins. Cast on 16 sts. at the beginning of next row. Keeping the continuity of the rib, continue until work measures 22ins. from where the 16 sts. were cast on. Cast off 16 sts. (at same edge) and continue on remaining 50 sts. until scarf measures the same as other end. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Fold work in half lengthwise. Sew edges together from fold for 9ins. to form back of hood. Turn back front and tack lightly.

GLOVES

Materials: 4oz. Patons' Totem knitting wool, 1 pair No. 11 knitting needles. To fit size 6½.

RIGHT GLOVE

Cast on 42 sts. Work in k 1, p 1, rib for 3ins. casting on 1 st. at end

of last row. Work 6 rows in moss st.

1st Row: (K 1, p 1) 11 times, (increase once in the next st.), twice; place a colored thread at each side of increased sts., k 1, (p 1, k 1) 9 times.

Work 2 rows in pattern. Continue in this manner, keeping the continuity of the moss pattern and increasing once on each st. next to colored thread (on inside of thread) in the next and every 3rd row until there are 16 sts. between thread. Work 3 rows. Work 22 sts. and place on a spare needle, work 16 sts. for thumb, and place remaining sts. on a spare needle.

THUMB

Cast on 3 sts. at beginning of next row and work these 18 sts. for 2ins. Shape for top of thumb.

1st Row: K 1, * p 2 tog., k 2 tog., repeat from * to end of row.

2nd Row: Work in pattern.

3rd Row: K 1, (p 2 tog., k 2 tog.) twice, k 1.

Break off wool, run through remaining sts., draw up and fasten off. With the right side of work facing, join in wool and pick up 2 sts. from base of thumb, work across 19 sts.

Next Row: Work in pattern, working 22 sts. from spare needle at end of row (43 sts.). Work for 11ins., ending on the wrong side.

1st Finger: Work 28 stitches, turn. Cast on 2 stitches at beginning of next row, work 13 stitches, turn. Work in pattern on these 15 sts. for 2ins.

Shape for top as follows:

1st Row: K 1, * p 2 tog., k 2 tog., Repeat from * to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.



THE HOODED SCARF. You'll wear it for warmth, for grace and flattery. Gloves tie up with it beautifully.

2nd Row: Work in pattern.

3rd Row: K 1, p 2 tog., k 2 tog., p 2 tog., k 1. Finish as for thumb.

2nd Finger: With the right side of work facing, pick up 3 stitches from the cast-on sts. at base of 1st finger, work 5 stitches, turn. Cast on 2 sts. at beginning of next row, work 7 sts., and 5 sts. from other needle; work on these 15 sts. for 2ins. Shape for top.

1st Row: K 1, * p 2 tog., k 2 tog., Repeat from * to end of row.

2nd Row: Work in pattern.

3rd Row: K 1, p 2 tog., k 2 tog., p 2 tog., k 1.

Finish as for first finger.

3rd Finger: Work same as for 2nd finger, only 1in. shorter.

4th Finger: With the right side of work facing, pick up 3 sts. at base of 3rd finger. Work 5 sts., turn. Work across remaining 12 sts. for 1½ins. Finish as for other fingers.

LEFT GLOVE

Work as for right hand until 6 rows in moss stitch have been completed. Shape for the thumb.

1st Row: K 1 (p 1, k 1), 9 times (inc. once in the next stitch) twice. (P 1, k 1) 11 times. Place a colored thread for markers as for other glove. Work 2 rows in pattern. Work as for thumb of right hand. Continue as for other glove, making palm for back of hand, and vice versa.

TO MAKE UP

Sew up thumb and finger seams, and down side of hand to wrist.

Rid Kidneys of Poisons & Acids

If you suffer sharp stabbing pains, if joints are swollen, if shows your blood is poisoned through faulty kidney action. Other symptoms of Kidney Disorders are Backache, Aching Joints and Limbs, Sciatica, Neuritis, Lumbago, Sleepless Nights, Dizziness, Nervousness, Circles under Eyes, Loss of Energy and Appetite and Frequent Headaches and Colds, etc. Ordinary medicines can't help much because you must get to the root cause of the trouble.

The Cystex treatment is specially compounded to soothe, tone and clean kidneys and bladder and remove acids and poisons from your system safely, quickly and surely yet contains no harmful or dangerous drugs. Cystex works in 2 ways to end your troubles.

1. Starts killing the germs which are attacking your Kidneys, Bladder, and Urinary System in two hours, yet is absolutely harmless to human tissue.
2. Gets rid of health - destroying deadly poisonous acids with which your system has become saturated.
3. Strengthens and reinvigorates the kidneys, protects from the ravages of disease-attack on the delicate filter organism, and stimulates the entire system.

Praised by Doctors, Chemists, and One-time Sufferers

Cystex is approved by Doctors and Chemists in 71 countries and by one-time sufferers from the troubles shown above. Mr. Reg. Thomas, Townsville, Queensland, recently wrote: "My joints were all stiff, I had leg pains, my back used to ache day and night. My bladder was weak. I had headaches and no appetite. The first dose of Cystex helped me and before I finished three boxes my health and strength came back."

Guaranteed to Satisfy or Money Back

Get Cystex from your chemist or store today. Give it a thorough test. Cystex is guaranteed to make you feel younger, stronger, better in every way, or your money back if you return the empty package. Act now! Now in 2 sizes—4/- and 8/-.

This is a **GUARANTEED Cystex Treatment** for Your Kidneys, Bladder, and Rheumatism.

Here's the only cough mixture to include an anti-cold Oral Vaccine. Stops coughs, colds quickly. Obtainable at all Chemists.

Edinburgh
COUGH MIXTURE

Base your meals on the foundation foods

HOW can we get the best nutritional value from what we buy? What substitutes can we use? These are questions conscientious homemakers are asking.



Thousands upon thousands of smokers are changing to this modern dentifrice because it gives results they can see, results they can feel, achieved in a delightful, quick way that is easy and safe. Stains, tartar go at once. If you're a smoker . . . change to

LISTERINE
TOOTH PASTE

to-day—it's a grand dentifrice and money-saver in one—and it's the only dentifrice that contains antiseptic oils of LISTERINE itself.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Burning Dandruff Itch, and Itching is a germ infection. Kill the germ and remove the cause with Listerine, the safe Antiseptic.



● MEDICO gives some sound advice to homemakers on wartime meal-planning.

Mrs. Bennet, mother of four sturdy youngsters, was airing her problems only this morning: "Housekeeping isn't the same," she sighed. "I just don't know what to give the family next."

"You shouldn't have too much trouble," I said, very unwisely.

"Perhaps you can help me, then!" retorted the lady, with a gleam in her eye.

Well, I had to admit I knew little about recipes, but I advised Mrs. Bennet to base her meals on the foundation foods—that is, milk, dairy products, eggs and cheese, meat and fish, fruit and vegetables, and wholemeal cereals.

I think everyone knows the milk requirement, one pint for adults and, if possible, two pints for children. If there is a shortage, see that the children's needs are attended to first. A limited milk supply can be made to go further with powdered milk (two ounces equal a pint of milk). Even powdered skim milk is a valuable food.

The egg supply is limited in some districts, and the one egg a day per person has turned into one egg a family. Everyone can have his share, however, if this precious egg is made into a pudding, or, perhaps, a savory with cheese.

Eat more cheese

HERE is a nourishing food that is good buying—cheese. Actually it can be called solid milk. Many families are not well disposed to the uninteresting slab that appears on the table at every meal. Dress it up in salads, soups, with vegetables and sauces. One pound of cheese equals a gallon of milk. Cheese is nearly half butter-fat. Beef dripping has an almost equal food value to butter.

Meat is getting quite a lot of attention which it well deserves. One of the main sources of protein—the

body builder and repairer—it has been badly treated.

The average Australian has eaten sufficient, but, generally speaking, the ways of buying, preparing, and serving have been wasteful of both food value and money.

We scorn tripe, heart, liver, brains, and the cheaper cuts of muscle meat, even though they are most nutritious, and we over-cook most of our meat. Over-cooking results in shrinkage and loss of vitamins. Cheap cuts of meat should be minced or stewed.

Some of the less tender cuts can be pounded and sprinkled with flour to hold the moisture.

Banish your problems

IF you have only one serving of meat a day, it will go further if you add breadcrumbs, cereal, or potatoes, which will also supply extra protein.

Dishes of beans, peas with seasoning of meat extract, onions, or tomatoes are a substitute for a meat dish at another meal. But milk, eggs, or cheese will need to be included to bring the protein value up to meat level.

The vegetable problem can be overcome in the back garden. Perhaps the egg problem can be overcome in the same way.

The cheapest vegetable is the dried pea. Soak for twenty-four hours in cold water. Then spread in a layer between damp tea-towels and keep moist for two days or so until the shoots are half an inch long. Cook them as they are for ten minutes with salt and sugar, but no soda.

If bread is scarce, soak first-grade wheat for twelve hours in water, then dry fry with salt and sugar. It is like popcorn.

In wartime, more than any other time, it is important to keep ourselves well nourished with the foods our bodies need.



CATARRH

HAY FEVER, 'FLU, CHRONIC COLDS, BRONCHITIS, BRONCHIAL ASTHMA, ANTRUM AND SINUS TROUBLES

These distressing complaints are all caused by germs in the bloodstream, and lasting relief can only be obtained by defeating these germs. Vaxos No. 1 is an oral vaccine (a vaccine which, instead of being injected, is simply taken a few drops each day in water, by mouth), and is produced under Government licence by an eminent physician. Upon absorption into the bloodstream Vaxos quickly sets to work destroying the attacking germs and neutralising the poisons created by them, with the result that the patient soon feels brighter, headaches and body pains vanish, and health steadily improves. With continued treatment immunity to the disease is established for up to two years. Vaxos is perfectly safe, even for children and elderly people to take. Don't continue to suffer needlessly; obtain Vaxos from your chemist to-day.

TWO OTHER VAXOS TREATMENTS

Vaxos No. 2 (Warren Green Type) for Rheumatism, Neuritis, Sciatica, Myositis, Fibrositis, Lumbago, and Spondylitis.

Vaxos No. 3 for Boils, Pimples, Carbuncles, Acne, Psoriasis, Dermatitis, Eczema, Impetigo, Septic Sore, and most Skin Infections.

EACH TREATMENT IN TWO SIZES

Medium Size (5 c.c.s.) 1-week treatment for Acute Cases **12/6**
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If your chemist is out of stocks write to:

VACCINE PRODUCTS (AUST.), 584 Little Collins Street, Melbourne, C.I.

Don't quit—KEEP BUYING WAR SAVINGS BONDS



Make the most
of your share of
mandarins, grapefruit,

ORANGES AND LEMONS

● Citrus fruit is rich in vitamins, especially vitamin C, and in essential minerals. A daily ration, particularly for children, is important. Include it in the weekly shopping list, for good food is cheaper than ill-health. Here are ways of using the fruit.

By **OLWEN FRANCIS**

Food and Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly

EXPENSIVE, you say. Maybe, but you get value for your money. Cast your eye carefully over your food lists and cut down wherever possible on unessential items.

And, of course, if you have a tree, lemon or orange, as so many have, please, please don't let one piece of fruit be wasted. Pass your surplus on to your neighbor, or neighbor's neighbor.

These recipes and suggestions from our testing kitchen are planned to give you ideas for the fullest use of your orange and lemon supplies.

CITRUS FRUIT RIND

The citrus fruit rind can give fragrant flavor to sweet and savory dishes.

It can be used fresh or preserved.

Try grated orange rind in cakes, scones, and pastries.
Try lemon rind in savory sauces and casserole dishes, especially with white meats.

Bake creamed or curried leftover meat or vegetables in grapefruit or orange cases; the delicate aroma of the rind penetrates through the dish.

To candy orange, lemon, or grapefruit peel: Cut the peel into halves or quarters or, for crisp candies, into match strips. Stand overnight in salted water (1 teaspoon salt to 1 pint water). Drain and rinse. Simmer in clear, fresh water, changing the water 2 or 3 times to prevent bitter taste. When tender, drain and simmer in a syrup (2 cups sugar to 1 cup water) until it is transparent. Drain and roll in sugar and allow to dry before storing.

CITRUS FRUIT IN SALADS

Variety on the salad platter can equal the days of the year and serve satisfactorily all four seasons.

Try these combinations and find, I hope, inspiration to create more:

Diced grapefruit sections with cold roast veal and finely shredded cabbage.

Grapefruit wedges with cheese

and celery sticks.

Rabbit mayonnaise flavored with grapefruit rind and juice.

Sour milk cheese, rolled in chopped celery and parsley and served with orange slices.

Sliced orange and onion salad, topped with chopped mint and served with cold veal or lamb.

Orange slices with diced celery and green pepper, served with crisp lettuce wedges.

Fish mayonnaise served in orange or grapefruit cups.

Prawns and diced grapefruit, mixed and served in lettuce cups.

Russian Lemon Dressing: 1 cup white sauce, 1½ tablespoons lemon juice, 1 dessertspoon Worcestershire sauce, 2 tablespoons tomato puree or sauce.

Uncooked Lemon Dressing: 1 cup lemon juice, 2 egg-yolks, 1½ tablespoons sugar or honey, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon pepper.

Beat the ingredients well together. A little onion juice may be added.

CITRUS JUICE FOR BREAKFAST

Citrus fruits are rich sources of vitamin C. Plenty of vitamin C is needed each day, and it is the most easily lost of all the vitamins, both during its transit from garden to table, and during the cooking of food.

One half-cup of orange or grapefruit or lemon juice will supply the



FOR A ONE-COURSE, easy-to-get luncheon or supper, serve a salad-bowl of sliced grapefruit and mandarin with shredded cabbage, tossed with onion juice and grated cheese. Freshly made orange muffins and hot cocoa or coffee will make the meal complete.

recommended daily allowance of vitamin C.

Don't strain the juice when preparing it. The pulp contains valuable minerals and supplies desirable roughage. The pulp also gives appetite satisfaction and so makes more complete use of the fruit.

Vitamin C is lost on exposure to the air. Juice may be stored in a covered container up to 24 hours without appreciable loss of vitamin C.

The flavor of juice prepared in advance, however, tends to be slightly bitter.

ORANGE BRAN MUFFINS

Three ounces margarine or dripping, 3oz. brown sugar, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 1 egg, 1 cup milk, 1 cup orange juice, 6oz. self-raising flour, 3oz. bran, pinch of bicarbonate of soda, pinch salt, 1 teaspoon orange rind.

Cream the fat, sugar, and lemon juice. Add the beaten egg and milk and then the sifted flour, salt, and soda. Stir in orange rind and juice, and, lastly, add bran and orange rind. Bake in greased patty-tins in a moderately hot oven (375 deg. F.) for 15 to 20 minutes. Serve freshly made.

THREE-IN-ONE MARMALADE (The Old Favorite)

Two oranges, 2 lemons, 2 grapefruit, sugar, water.

Peel the grapefruit and remove seeds and one-half the grapefruit rind. Cut the other half

of the rind into fine strips, and cut up the pulp. Slice the oranges and lemons finely in the usual way. To each cup of pulp add three cups of water and stand overnight. Next day bring slowly to the boil, and boil 10 minutes. Stand again overnight. To every cup of pulp add one cup of sugar and then boil until it jells when tested on a cold dish, about two hours.

ORANGE CRUMB MERINGUE

One cup milk, 2 cup water, 1 cup orange juice, 1 cup breadcrumbs, 2 eggs, 1/3rd cup sugar, 1 teaspoon grated orange rind, 3 tablespoons sugar for meringue.

Scald milk and pour on to breadcrumbs. Add the beaten egg-yolks, sugar, orange juice, and water, and half orange rind. Bake in a slow oven (325 deg. F.) for 30 minutes or until nearly set. Whip egg-whites and the three tablespoons of sugar to a meringue, add the remainder of orange rind, and bake in a very slow oven (300 deg. F.) until lightly browned.

ORANGE GEMS

Three ounces margarine, 3oz. sugar, 2 eggs, 5oz. plain flour, 1oz. cornflour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, pinch of salt, 2 tablespoons boiling water, 1 teaspoon grated orange rind.

Cream margarine and sugar thoroughly, beat in eggs, and then sifted flour, baking powder, cornflour, and salt. Fold in boiling water and orange rind. Bake in hot, thickly greased gem-irons in a moderate oven (375 deg. F.) from 10 to 15 minutes. Serve freshly made.

ORANGE ROCK CAKES

Eight ounces plain flour, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, 1 teaspoon nutmeg, 1 teaspoon salt, rind and juice of 1 orange, 3oz. good dripping or margarine, 2oz. sugar, 4oz. mixed fruit (raisins, sultanas, currants), 1 egg.

Sift flour, soda, nutmeg, and salt. Rub in fat, add sugar, fruit, and grated orange rind. Add the beaten egg and orange juice. Place spoonfuls on a greased tray and bake in a moderate oven (400 deg. F.) for 10 to 15 minutes.



Rationing doesn't daunt them!

● Shortages of sugar, butter, eggs, cream, potatoes won't get you down if you follow these prize recipes from other homemakers.

THE first prize, onion roly-poly, is cooked in the same pot as corned beef. It is warming fare for a cold night. Serve with the hot meat, good rich parsley sauce, and cabbage wedges.

Do you notice fried bread—savory for breakfast, sweet for dinner—is coming into its own again? Try custard powder blended with the milk for soaking when eggs are short; flavor is good, but food value is lower, of course.

Have you tried fried bread squares topped with spoonfuls of hot apple, sweetened with honey and flavored with spice? They're good!

The eggless cake is one of many entries. This method of boiling the fruit, fat, and liquid together before mixing is a well-tried one. Try plenty of grated lemon or orange rind in the mixture.

The distinctive flavor of the crunchy biscuits is due to the browning of the wheatmeal before mixing. You'll like it.

ONION ROLY-POLY

(When potatoes are scarce, serve onion roly-poly. Cook it with the corned beef—it gives the beef a delicious flavor)

Two cups self-raising flour (or 2 cups plain flour and 2 teaspoons baking powder), 1 cup finely chopped suet, 2 large onions, pinch of salt.

Sift self-raising flour (or flour and baking powder) with salt. Mix in suet, then mix to a soft dough with cold water. Roll out, cover evenly with onions finely chopped, and sprinkle with salt and pepper. Roll up and tie in a floured cloth. Boil 1½ hours in the same pot as the corned beef. Serve cut in thin slices.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. V. Lyons, 24 Kensington Road, Summer Hill, N.S.W.



TAKE CARE OF THAT ROTARY BEATER. It's one of the kitchen's most precious utensils. Wash immediately after use, dry, and occasionally oil bearings. The smart cook above is Diana Lynn (Paramount).

PIXIE PUDDING

Cut squares or triangles of stale bread, ½-inch thick. Soak in sweetened and flavored milk, then drain. Dip in beaten egg and fry golden brown in fuming fat, turning to brown. Sprinkle with sugar, arrange in a circle with the pieces overlapping, and pile jam or marmalade in centre and serve at once. Made for the cost of 1 egg, jam, and a little milk.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss R. Walker, The Outlook, Penang St., Point Clare, N.S.W.

BAKED LAMB LOAF

Two pounds minced lean lamb from the shoulder or ribs, 2 sheep's kidneys cut up very small, 1 cup meat broth (made from the bones), salt and pepper, 1 large tablespoon minced onion, 2 tablespoons very finely chopped parsley, 1 tablespoon chopped mint or green pepper, 1 cup fresh white breadcrumbs.

Mix the breadcrumbs in the broth and allow them to stand for at least ½ hour. Then add minced meat and all other ingredients. Mix all well and turn the mixture into



PIPING HOT CRUMBED CHEESE LOAF for the meatless menu. Soak the breadcrumbs in milk, flavor with herbs and cheese to taste, season well and bake in a bar-tin for easy service. Serve as shown, with slabs of cheese on top and surrounded with beans or peas.

a well-greased loaf-tin. Bake in a moderate oven (375 deg. F.) for 1½ hours. Makes a delicious filling for sandwiches for lunches of munitions workers. Spread a little bit of chutney or tomato sauce over the butter, as there is not too much butter, then slices of the lamb loaf.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss Daisy Rush, c/o Mrs. Anderson, 219 Croydon Rd., Croydon, N.S.W.

CRUNCHY BISCUITS

Bake to a rich brown 2 cups wheatmeal. Remove from oven and let cool. Sift with it 1 cup self-raising flour, 1 saltspoon salt, then add ½ cup of sugar. Beat together 1 cup butter or margarine, 1 cup good beef dripping. Add 1 teaspoon lemon juice. Rub it well into the meal and flour mixture, add enough milk to make a soft dough, roll thin, and cut into finger lengths. Bake 15 minutes to a delicate brown.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. L. M. Rosewar, 44 Mann St., Invermay, Launceston, Tas.

EGGLESS, MILKLESS, AND BUTTERLESS CAKE

Boil together for 5 minutes in a saucepan 2 cups white sugar, 2 cups water, 2 heaped tablespoons clarified dripping, and 1 lb. sultanas or mixed fruit. When cold, add 1 large teaspoon of bicarbonate of soda and 1 saltspoon salt, sifted into 4 cups plain flour (self-raising may be used), 1 teaspoon spice, cinnamon, and nutmeg or ginger, and, if liked, add a tablespoon of

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7 SIZES — FROM 1/3 (MIDGET) AT ALL LEADING STORES



BONNY FAY RUDDLE, of East Malvern, does her daily dozen! Fay arrived three months too early, and was only 22 ounces at birth. But look at her now! She is 2 years and 8 months old. Her daddy, who served in the Middle East, and later in Malaya, has been reported a prisoner of war by the Japanese.

Daily exercise helps build strong, sturdy bodies

By Our Mothercraft Nurse

PROPER exercise is now considered one of the essentials to baby's development, to good posture.

In fact, regular exercise is looked upon as one of the vital needs of every babe and growing child, and should be an important part of the daily routine for every normal babe after the age of two months.

Little children can easily be taught simple physical exercises by making them into a game, and by doing these to the music of well-known nursery rhymes.

A leaflet on this subject has been prepared by The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau and will be forwarded if a stamped addressed envelope is enclosed with the request.

Please endorse your envelope "Mothercraft," and address to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088 W. G.P.O., Sydney.

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A Friend in need
FOR
FLATULENCE

De Witt's Antacid Powder quickly neutralizes excess stomach acid. It does more—it soothes and protects inflamed stomach linings. By helping digest your food, De Witt's Antacid Powder ensures pain-free digestion.



DIRECTIONS FOR USE:
STOMACH DISCOMFORT: A teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water or milk after meals.
CHRONIC ACID STOMACH, GASTRITIS, DYSPEPSIA: One heaped teaspoonful in warm water before breakfast.
DISTURBED REST: One heaped teaspoonful in water before retiring at night.
Children can be given half-dose to allay stomach-ache, biliousness and similar ailments.

DeWitt's
ANTACID POWDER

From all Chemists and Storekeepers, in sky-blue canisters, 2/6

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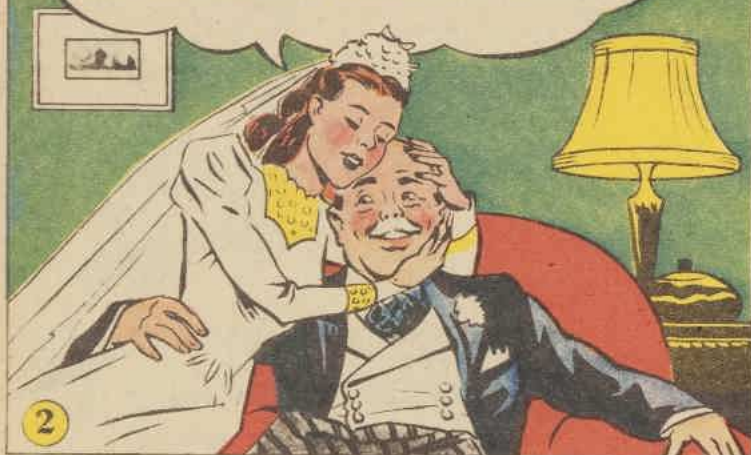


I CAN HARDLY BELIEVE IT YET, DAD! JUST THINK! WHY I MIGHT HAVE LOST JACK FOR EVER—IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR YOU!

SO YOU REALLY BELIEVE MY ADVICE HELPED, DEAR?



I KNOW IT DID! I'M SURE JACK AND I WOULDN'T BE MARRIED TODAY—IF YOU HADN'T TOLD ME I NEEDED TO SEE OUR DENTIST ABOUT MY TEETH!



HERE'S WHAT THE DENTIST SAID:—

YOU CAN CERTAINLY IMPROVE YOUR APPEARANCE BY NIGHT AND MORNING BRUSHING WITH COLGATE DENTAL CREAM BECAUSE IT REALLY CLEANS THE TEETH AND SWEETENS THE BREATH!



"HERE'S WHY: Colgate's active, penetrating foam gets into the hidden crevices between the teeth—helps clean out decaying food particles—removes the cause of much bad breath... And Colgate Dental Cream has a safe polishing agent that cleans the enamel thoroughly, yet gently, and makes teeth naturally bright and sparkling. It cleans your breath while it cleans your teeth."

—AND THANKS TO COLGATE DENTAL CREAM—

TIME TO GET INTO YOUR TRAVELLING CLOTHES, DEAR... JACK'S PROBABLY LOOKING FOR YOU...

YES—HERE HE IS! MY DATE FOR LIFE!



PLAY SAFE!
TWICE A DAY—AND
BEFORE EVERY DATE—USE
COLGATE DENTAL CREAM

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MEDIUM SIZE
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It cleans your Breath—
while it cleans your Teeth!

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SAVE YOUR OLD DENTAL CREAM TUBES FOR WAR SALVAGE!